Golda
The Editors

Argentina's Agony
Stephen Kinzer

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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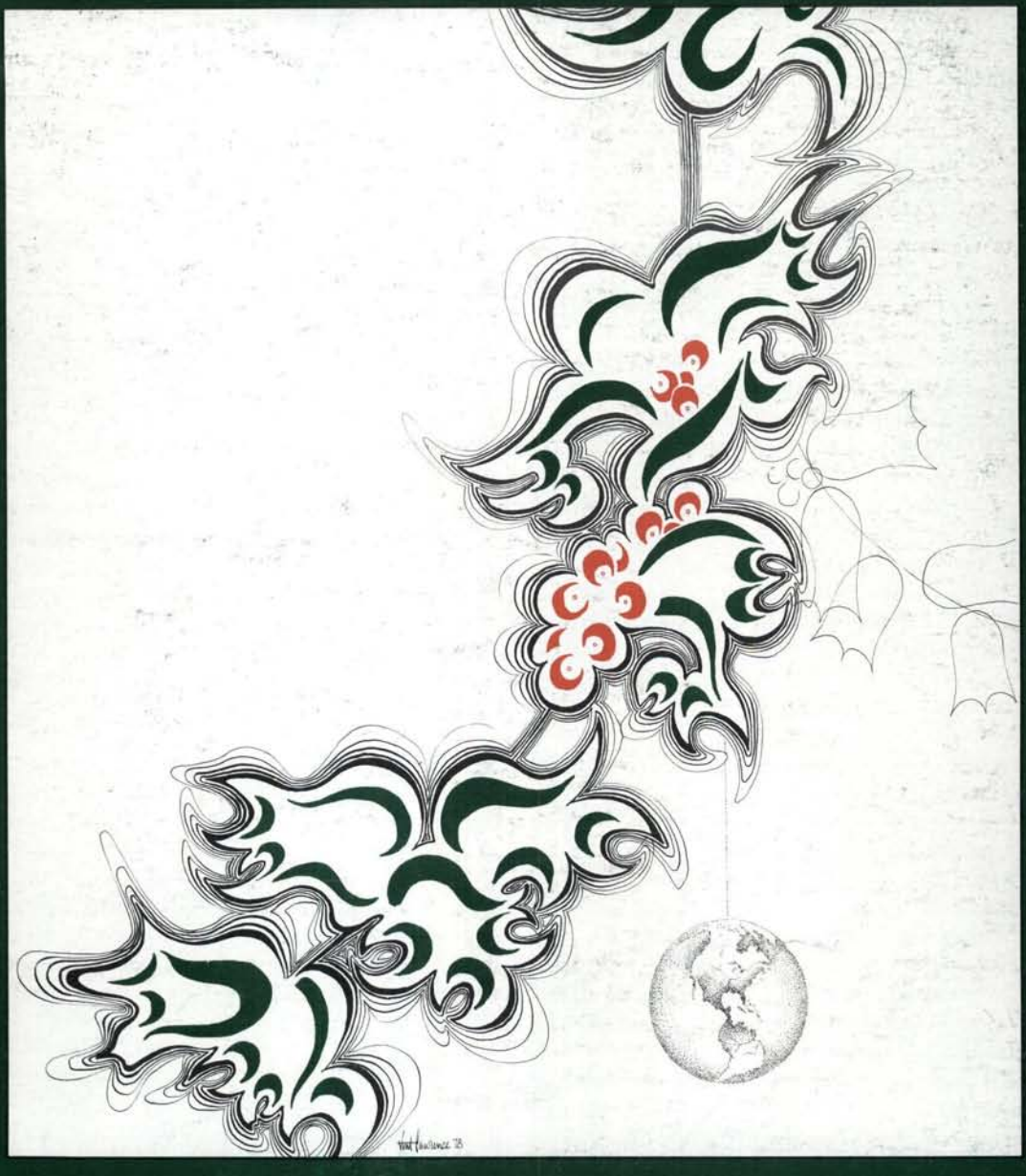

R.W.B. Lewis on Novels and Democracy • Ken Bode and TRB on Memphis
Tax-Free Racism • Working Class Origins • The Novelists: Günter Grass

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TRB

from Washington ®
December 23 & 30, 1978

Memphis Blues

Teddy Kennedy is speaking. He is the best speaker of the Kennedys. He is speaking in an enormous auditorium at the second day of the Democrats' Memphis miniconvention. He holds the audience of 2300 in his hand. It has been dull so far—the dullness of nothing happening on top of a volcano. There are rumblings below, and occasional shocks and shivers. President Carter has come and gone. He has made a firm speech with unusual strength and passion. But he is caught in a double dilemma. He must preach anti-inflation austerity to free-spending Democrats and, at the same time, prepare for the supreme test of his incumbency, trying to get a strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT II) passed over the 34 senators who can veto it. To placate those Senate hawks who can defeat civilization's best hope of hacking a trail out of the nuclear arms jungle, a Carter pattern is developing: he is throwing sop after sop to the hard-liners: proving he is not "soft on Communism" by proposing a silly civil defense evacuation program, toughening US defenses, advocating a three percent increase in the arms budget for the dispirited NATO alliance. He is caught between a rock and a hard place—on one side double-digit inflation; on the other, Soviet Russia, which has been increasing arms expenditures for a dozen years, spending 13 to 15 percent of its gross national product, compared to only five percent for the US. There has been no major war in Europe for 33 years—the longest time in history, a speaker here tells us. Why? Because the US is powerful in arms and is maintaining nuclear equivalency with the aid of its NATO allies. So President Carter ducks and dodges, breaking one of his starry-eyed 1976 campaign pledges nearly every day. There is incipient mutiny on all sides in this miniconvention.

So now Teddy Kennedy comes to his climax. He is talking about national, universal, mandatory health insurance. Every Democratic president from Truman has promised it; it hasn't come. The United States and South Africa are the only industrial nations that don't have it. Kennedy is not attacking Carter specifically; he praises Carter. But he says the party "that tore itself apart over Vietnam in the 1960s can tear itself apart today over budget cuts in basic social programs."

That brings them to their feet, watching the full-haired, jowly, handsome man who is only 46, and who will be, let's see, only 52 if he waits for the presidential election of 1984. But will he wait? It's electrifying to watch him. He has made this speech before. His voice rises into a measured, passionate cadence as he belts it out, stabs with his arm, tells them how the rich can afford hospitals, the poor can't. It's one of the best speeches I have heard. At the end, fully conscious of his effect, he gives a little impish grin, hardly more than a twitch, acknowledging the applause and incorporating the audience sympathetically in the effect.

Will Teddy run in 1980? Every practical reason is against it, I should think. He is going to be chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee which should keep him busy on major national business for a while and also keep him indefinitely in the public eye. If Democrats drop Carter it will be an acknowledgment of abysmal failure—just made for Ronald Reagan. Wasn't there another Teddy who tried to dump his party's one-term president in 1912, and thereby turned the White House over to his political adversaries? Why yes: Teddy Kennedy, meet Teddy Roosevelt! As for the former, above all, he is young enough to wait. Why rush things?

It was easy to sneer at the midterm convention. It was held in bone-chilling Memphis rain, interspersed with unusual December thunderbolts, whose aim, fortunately, was bad. It was a convention where, whenever somebody mentioned Jimmy Carter, nothing happened. The wedlock to Carter was firm, of course, but oh what a whoop when that handsome Edward Kennedy walked down the street! Yet the majority of middle-class delegates knew only too well that their real adversary was not Carter but Congress: Congress and the conservative mood of the country. They were groping in this first-of-a-kind institutional experiment to find a cure for the sick political structure. Only a third of American eligibles voted in the midterm election. Hardly more than half voted in the presidential election. Party structure is decaying; the primaries are doing the winnowing, the media are picking the front runners, the new political action groups are supplying the steam and money, and the public apathetically watches the show as a sporting event. Political parties in other democracies meet every year; why not try it here? Suppose a Democratic convention had met at midterm in 1966 just when Vietnam was building up. Wouldn't anti-war delegates have made LBJ understand the restlessness that was gathering? It might have saved his presidency, spared us Nixon. Though at Memphis there was no outright liberal mutiny, there was a realistic exchange of views. It was a safety valve. Many went away understanding Carter's problems better, too.

Ten noted political scientists, in a paperback book called *The New American Political System* put out by the American Enterprise Institute, give you an idea of how they think our "atomized" politics are churning. I quote from veteran Harvard professor Sam Beer, who says the New Deal came to an end in the early 1960s and that no new philosophy on public affairs has yet taken its place. Jimmy Carter himself epitomizes the enigma, says Beer; he "is at once a technocrat and a romantic"; a naval officer and problem solver, and also a Southern Baptist with "a faith in the goodness of human nature that is Wordsworthian in its naiveté." Carter's criticism of the Washington establishment is as sharp as Reagan's, but on the other hand he gives even greater emphasis to his populistic stance. "Jimmy Carter does not avoid or reconcile or choose among the inner conflicts of the present climate of opinion" says Professor Beer drily, "he embodies them."

Anthony King, an English observer, tries to sum the situation up. The old American party machines and bosses have largely gone, he writes; nothing has replaced the coalition that FDR put together for his New Deal. "If one message emerges from the pages of this book," says King, "it is that fewer and fewer cohesive blocs are to be found in the American polity."

So there you are. "New structures and new leadership will almost certainly emerge." Exactly! That's what the midterm Democratic miniconvention was all about.

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Correspondence

The question of regulation

To the editors:

Reading Steven Kelman's article, "Regulation That Works," in the November 25 issue of *TNR*, I was struck by the fact that the only economic figures that the author chose to cite were 1976 estimations of the cost of government regulation in the private sector. The author correctly noted that the 1976 costs were $62.3 billion for private business's compliance with federal regulations.

The same source which Mr. Kelman cites, Murray Weidenbaum and the Center for the Study of American Business, made a report to the Congress of the United States's Joint Economic Committee Subcommittee on Economic Growth and Stabilization on April 10 of this year. In that report, Weidenbaum and the Center projected the 1979 cost of regulation to be $102.7 billion, a staggering increase of over $40 billion in the course of the last three years. Even for those of us who have become used to large rates of inflation and government growth, an increase of 65 percent and $40 billion in the space of three years is at least worth noting and certainly would seem at the very least to have some relevance to Mr. Kelman's point about the utility of cost-benefit analyses—that is to say that before being critical one should be sure to be accurate.

While I hesitate to be too much influenced by the press releases and reports of what has been a fairly conservative subcommittee, chaired by Senator Bentsen of Texas, it is worthwhile to note that not only business but the administration and the Congress have become concerned with what the JEC calls "an explosion of Federal rules and regulations." President Carter issued an executive order in March of this year mandating simplicity and clarity of purpose in all government regulations, as well as giving OMB the task of assuring agency compliance with the order. In addition, such concepts as Sunset review of regulations and a "regulatory budget" are being considered. The regulatory budget is being studied by Secretary Kreps and the Commerce Department.

The question of regulation is terribly complex and it occurs to me that no real light will be shed on the matter by articles such as Mr. Kelman's which attempt, for the most part, to pit social good vs. inhuman cost-benefit analyses. While I am in political and ideological agreement with Mr. Kelman it distresses me that his case was not posited either with nearly accurate figures or with something more than a nod to the essential complexities of the subject, such as big business/small business differences, and the growing awareness in Congress and in the White House that the range and depth of government regulation need serious reevaluation.

Roy Pulvers
Raleigh, North Carolina

Szulc's demonology

To the editors:

Tad Szulc is somewhat less thoughtful than usual in his piece in the December 9 issue of *TNR* deploring the "Plot Against Human Rights." The "insidious plot" which he unveils is a classic example of demonology.

In the two-dimensional world this article describes, there are only two viewpoints contesting. There are the good guys who want to stand up and be counted for human rights, and the bad guys who want to make profits selling things to dictators.

Mr. Szulc fails to acknowledge that there might possibly be a third factor and dimension in this picture. It is just conceivable that people in the administration might have noticed that certain types of "linkage" are most ineffective in promoting human rights.

A country may understand our argument that our public opinion cannot condone continued bilateral aid to a regime that is grossly violating human rights, but it will simply think us foolish when we make our companies lose export sales by debarring the Exim Bank from offering normal supplier credits. The regime won't be in the least inclined to change its domestic policies; it will simply buy from our competitors. And American companies are hardly reprehensible for criticizing such frivolous and self-defeating policies at a time when the country desperately needs to reduce the balance of payments deficit.

There are any number of international and regional arenas where we can take a stand and exert pressures for human rights. As individuals, we can all help Amnesty International, which can venture into areas where governments must show restraint. But the Carter administration should be applauded, and not accused of selling out, for having reexamined its policy in this field to give preference to options which have a chance of being effective rather than scorned as grandstand gestures.

Armistead Lee
Arlington, Virginia

The Volkow interview: reconstructing the facts

To the editors:

The November 18 issue of *The New Republic* contains an interview with Esteban Volkow ("The Day of the Ice Axe") that is preceded by an introduction written, it seems, without reference to some parts of the interview itself. Several errors appear in the introduction which, while not historically serious, nevertheless can confuse readers and in part are out of accord with the interview. (1) The introduction states that "the interview took place in that house [where Trotsky was assassinated] where Volkow still lives." Volkow does not still live there, as the interview indicates, having left four or more years ago; (2) The name Jules Martou should be Julius Martov. This may be a typographical error; (3) So, too, may be the spelling of Mornard as Monard; (4) The name of Trotsky's son who was killed in Paris was Lyova, not Serghei. The interview states it correctly; (5) The introduction states that Trotsky and his wife "were expelled from Russia in 1928" rather than 1929, which is the correct date. If he remained in exile 8 years he would have been alive in 1946. Actually he was in exile for 11 years; (6) I think the record will show that Sylvia Ageloff, the innocent dupe of Jacson-Mornard, was not a secretary to Trotsky, but a visitor. Her sister, however, was such a secretary. Volkow also states in the interview that she was a secretary but I think that there may be a confusion of sisters; [(7) Jacson died at 65, not 54 (ed.).].

While these references may not be of overwhelming importance, I think you would want the facts, even minute ones, to be accurate.

Albert Glotzer
New York, New York

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$1,289,599,000

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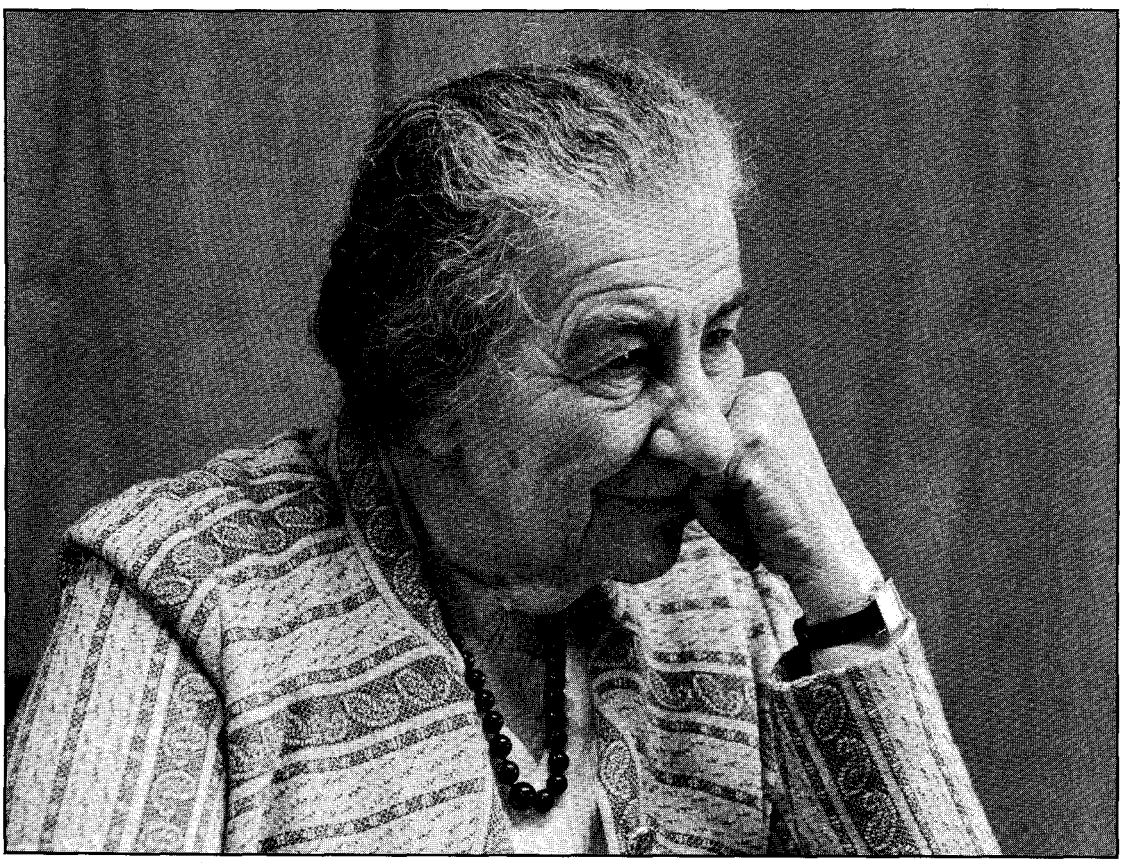
December 23 & 30, 1978



Golda

Her life reads like a Hollywood script composed by an overzealous screenwriter bent on producing a spectacular on great moments in contemporary Jewish history. To provide unity the major character, preferably a woman for added poignancy, is placed at the center of all key events. All the required scenes are available: a child cowering in fear of a pogrom in czarist Russia; a girl enjoying the freedom and opportunities of the United States yet determined to become a socialist pioneer in the wastes of Palestine; a young woman suffering extreme poverty and personal hardship in the barren homeland. The heroine of this increasingly improbable scenario—she scrubs laundry by hand to pay for the schooling of her children—is a woman torn by the conventional feminist conflict between the duties of wife and mother and a compelling ideological commitment. Nor is melodrama missing: there is the perilous journey to Amman in 1948, unconvincingly disguised as an Arab woman though she knows no Arabic, when she tries to persuade King Abdullah not to join the Arab attack on Israel. Then there is the incredible shot showing the newly appointed Israeli minister to the Soviet Union engulfed by a mass of supposedly assimilated Russian Jews, who defy the authorities to greet the emissary of the Jewish state in front of a Moscow synagogue. Is this a bit much,

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perhaps? Later, in depicting the Jewish heroine's audience with the pope, shouldn't the writer have hesitated before giving his heroine the haunting utterance, "I am the daughter of a carpenter"? Finally, why, as a climax, did he present an old, sick woman, now prime minister of the embattled state, in the role of arbiter, obliged to make crucial political and military decisions when her male cabinet ministers and generals were in disarray during the onslaught of the Yom Kippur War? The plot seems extravagant; judicious blue-pencilling clearly would be in order. Yet that's how it was. So obituary comment on Golda Meir runs the danger of indulgence in superlatives made hollow by repetition. But a cautious reduction of her stature would not be closer to the truth.

The line from childhood in Kiev to fulfillment in Jerusalem was direct. There were no deviations in plan or purpose. From the beginning to the end, her convictions had a disarming, and sometimes disconcerting, slogan-like clarity: a persecuted people must be emancipated. Having learned the meaning of independence in the United States, she herself took part in this emancipation. And being a socialist, she strove to build a just society in a Jewish homeland. This terrifying, unswerving simplicity in thought and feeling—her detractors would call it simplistic—was a prime source of Golda Meir's strength. She was spared the doubts and hesitations of more complex or timid natures. In every crisis she refused to be deflected by considerations she dismissed as rationalizations for an unwillingness to face the consequences of a basic belief. No amount of acquired sophistication or temptation to disenchantment could shake her assurance in the purity of her goal and the possibility of its realization. The assurance, allied to shrewd competence, made it possible for her to become both a combative, sometimes ruthless, politician in Israel and a moral force for the Jewish people. She knew not only what she wanted but what should be wanted, and she had a unique power to communicate this knowledge.

At her best she was a remarkably effective speaker. Her best was not on most occasions at the United Nations or on other formal occasions when she had to deliver a carefully prepared address. Then she spoke like her diplomatic colleagues. But when she cast away the prepared text, as she once did at the UN to appeal directly to the Arabs, or in times of peril or triumph when she spoke impromptu to the Israeli multitudes, she had no peer. There were more brilliant stylists among Zionist orators—some deplored her poor Hebrew and elementary English—but her audience was more concerned with her message than with her oratory style. Those who heard her became for a moment selflessly involved in her emotion and her cause.

In the 1940s, when the struggle of Jewish Palestine against the British Mandatory Power was launched, she was the most moving exponent of what seemed a desperate gamble. How could an ill-armed community of 600,000 venture to challenge the British Empire to "open the gates" of Palestine to Jewish survivors? The policy of resistance was formulated by Ben-Gurion, but Golda became its voice. When she declared at village meetings or at kibbutz funerals, "we have no alternative," she meant that people of a given commitment had no alternative. Less dangerous courses could be pursued, such as settling for a modest immigration quota and a permanent minority status for the Jewish community of Palestine. Similarly, when Ben-Gurion advocated the declaration of a state after the passage of the Partition Resolution, though all knew that Arab armies were poised for the invasion of the fledgling country, Golda was among the chief activists. Many devoted Zionists counselled prudence, to avoid imperiling all that had been achieved by four decades of Jewish settlement in a confrontation either with England or the Arab states. Such prudence was alien to both her convictions and her temperament, not because she was foolhardy and ignorant of the immense risk but because the risk to the Jewish people—the betrayal of the Jewish refugees and the Zionist dream—was greater. This attitude dictated her course in the coming decades of struggle.

As a leader of the Histadrut, the Israeli labor federation, she was at first uncompromising in her egalitarian vision. She insisted on the principle of equal pay in the Histadrut regardless of the nature of the work. At one time, the nurses of the federation's health plan, who wanted to receive more pay than charwomen, viewed her as their antagonist. When she was minister to Moscow, she tried to run her office in keeping with the austere principles of the kibbutz tradition. Inevitably these Utopian efforts foundered. In Israel and abroad, outside the kibbutz enclaves, individuals sought rewards in accordance with their skills and their positions. Impassioned but no fanatic, Golda bowed to realism. Yet all her life, the kibbutz cooperative remained her image of the ideal society. That her daughter and grandchildren worked in a Negev desert kibbutz was her special pride. And at international socialist conferences, she appeared to the end as the representative of a progressive trade union movement and of a labor party that, despite the imperfections and concessions of the present, still cherished the dream of a socialist society with a human face.

The idealistic girl matured into an adroit stateswoman, skilled in negotiation, temperate in argument and wonderfully persuasive with the great of the earth. But the granite core remained. Her critics called her short-sighted and inflexible in her insistence on "secure borders" when she became prime minister. They called her indifferent to the plight of the Palestinians—an accusation that she rejected. Her policy was shaped not only by an ideological conviction

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of the justice of Israel's cause, but by her own experiences. She knew that when she had worked in a malaria-infested kibbutz in the valley of the Jordan, she had made Palestine more habitable for Arabs as well as Jews. She knew that she had called herself a Palestinian at a time when Arabs disdained the designation. And she knew that from 1947 on, she had repeatedly and vainly pleaded for cooperation between Arabs and Jews. Her scepticism about the value of international guarantees derived from the abandonment of Israel by the powers pledged to the state's safety in 1948 and in 1967. Therefore "secure borders" became for her synonymous with Israel's survival.

The Yom Kippur War was the bitterest experience of her long life. This was not only because of Israel's peril, but because for the first time she was made the butt of her people's agony. Her associates were aware of the letters she received from parents blaming her and her ministers for the deaths of their sons. No suffering in her personal life could have equalled her pain at these charges, because in each instance she sorrowed with the bereaved. But the measure of her influence with the Israeli people is that she surmounted the grimness of this period and became revered again in the years before her death.

In a speech she gave before the Six Day War, she declared that her life had been blessed. She enumerated the blessings: the child fearful of pogroms had lived to be the free citizen of an independent Jewish state. Her own children took part in the just society of a kibbutz. Her national and social visions were on the way to fulfillment.

Dying as she did before the hoped-for peace with the Arabs has been achieved, it is hard to be confident that the optimism of this earlier summation of her life had been sustained. And there is the added irony that the peace, if achieved, will be attained by the man against whose social and political policies she fought all her days. But she had too much wry humor not to appreciate the tricks of history, and too much magnanimity where the fate of her people was involved for any personal disappointment to be more than slight.

For many who shared her beliefs but lacked her courage, she was a gadfly. In an intimate sense she was the conscience of the Jewish people. Those who loved her will long remember the deep, firm voice that called to action and the searching eyes that demanded, "where are you?" In 1967, when she saw many young American Jews thronging to help in Israel's defense, she asked forthrightly, "You are ready to die with us. Why do you not remain to live with us?" This question tormented her with increasing intensity. Not too long before her death she spoke of plans to come to the United States in behalf of *aliyah*, immigration to Israel. In any case, it is doubtful if even she would have achieved the miracle of stimulating large-scale immigration of American Jews to Israel.

Women throughout the world viewed Golda Meir as an example of what women might accomplish. Americans responded to her homespun, earthy directness. For Israel and the Jewish people she became a mother figure—wise, compassionate and stern when need be. The shrinking pantheon of great national leaders has been further diminished by her passing.

Conspicuous Omission

In his speech last week on human rights, the "soul of our foreign policy," President Carter said that "No nation can draw the cloak of sovereignty over torture, disappearance, officially sanctioned bigotry or the destruction of freedom within its own borders." Except with some help, he might have added. Carter named seven countries as remiss: the Soviet Union, Cambodia, Chile, Uganda, South Africa, Nicaragua and Ethiopia. A wall poster appeared the next day in Peking, credited to the Human Rights Group. The poster expressed approval of Carter's stand, but asked why he had ignored the problem in China. After all, China is 25 percent of the human race. The poster was torn down by the next morning.

Whatever Carter's reason may be for omitting China from his honors list, it cannot be for lack of information. The new Amnesty International report on "Political Imprisonment in the People's Republic of China" provides 176 pages of details. "Political defendants are usually tried *in camera* or, in some cases, through 'mass public trials' where no defense is possible. The right to defense is generally limited by the fact that non-admission of guilt is officially regarded as an aggravating circumstance when judgment is passed." "Counterrevolutionaries" are always fair game, and with the ups and downs of the party line, culminating in the arrest of the "Gang of Four," the number of folks out of step has become prodigious.

The Amnesty International report gives support to the description of Chinese justice in Chen Jo-hsi's recent collection of grim short stories, *The Execution of Mayor Yin*. Her tales of despair and surveillance and suicide resemble some of the factual evidence in the Amnesty report. Both the factual and fictional versions describe individual cases, in detail, so that one can feel the despair, uncertainty and fear that are part of life in China. The general statements on political executions in China since 1949 report figures so large that they are difficult to comprehend. In the early 1950s, as the regime consolidated its power, 40 million people were executed because they were members of the wrong class. "Classes struggle, some classes triumph, others are eliminated," Mao Tse-tung said. Amnesty International quotes an unpublished version of Mao's famous speech "On the Correct Handling of Contradic-

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tions Among the People," in which the Chairman himself gives "an estimate of 800,000 executions up till 1954." In 1958, Chairman Mao said that "the landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, bad elements and rightists . . . altogether represent about five percent of the population, more or less 30 million. They are the class enemies, who must still be reformed. . . . If one out of 10 can be reformed, this will be a success."

Besides being a class enemy or harboring reactionary thoughts and so forth, crimes sufficient to net the random citizen anything from labor reform to execution, a person may also be accused of spying. According to a Communist Chinese radio broadcast, the Chinese Communist party said last week that earlier convictions of one group of 340 people on charges of spying for the United States and Taiwan were a "sham." This was the work of the Gang of Four and the late and traitorous Defense Minister Lin Piao. The report said that many of those convicted had been tortured and eight had died. A public rally was held in Foochow, Fukien province, to rehabilitate and clear the names of this group.

Old Dog, New Tricks

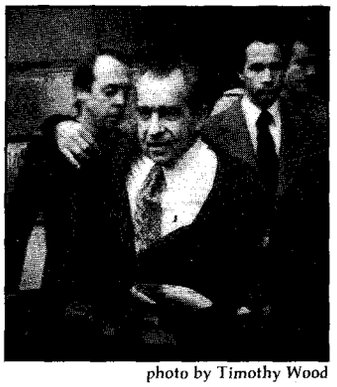

photo by Timothy Wood

Most commentators have greeted Richard Nixon's return to public life the way an alley probably welcomes back a gelded tomcat—with nostalgia and a lot of relief. There have been a few expressions of amazement that Nixon was received so warmly in Paris and Oxford, but the American press generally has confined itself to jaunty observations—now that Nixon never can hold office again—about how much we've all missed politicians who can get our juices flowing and how good it must make all the Nixon-haters feel, now that they have their old foe to kick around again.

We believe, though, that Nixon has chosen this time to come back because he thinks the world is in a mood to receive him. We are afraid he is all too right. A revisionism about Nixon is beginning to take hold. Plainly well advanced in Europe, we expect it will spread in the United States, too.

"I screwed it up and I paid the price," Nixon said at Oxford. So much for Watergate. The revisionist line will go: "It was minor. Other presidents did it, but for this Nixon was hounded out of office. Meanwhile, he really was one of America's great foreign policy presidents, opening the way to China and Russia, ending US involvement in Vietnam and using American power forcefully, as it hasn't been since, but should be again." We expect that when Nixon comes to take a position on SALT, he will be listened to respectfully. We can see the day approaching when he becomes an elder statesman of the world, regularly consulted on international affairs and possibly even rivalling Henry Kissinger for television contracts.

Nixon has every right to say what he pleases and to try to rehabilitate himself. But we do not think anyone should listen. For "Watergate" (lest we forget) wasn't just a third-rate political burglary. It was the use of presidential authority to obstruct justice. It involved the employment of a private presidential police force (the plumbers) to engage in illegal activities. Nixon was the first president to attempt prior restraint against the press, and his White House extorted millions from corporations for his reelection campaign. Other presidents did some of the same things Nixon did, true. But no other president did *all* of them. It wasn't minor.

Nixon does not deserve elder statesman status in foreign policy, either. Opening up relations to China and the Soviet Union were good policies, but Richard Nixon for 20 years helped make it politically impossible for any of his predecessors to consider them.

Get the US out of Vietnam? Nixon was part of the claque in the 1950s that pushed the US *in*. And Nixon doubled the length of the war before losing and "getting us out."

If Nixon repeats his Oxford statements about how he advanced human rights quietly but effectively, someone should ask him what influence he brought to bear on the world's Somozas, Pinochets, Salazars, Stroessners and Greek colonels, all US allies during his administration. Better, people should turn a deaf ear.

Spot the Nattering Nabob of Negativism

WELCOME FOR NIXON AT OXFORD IS WARM

—*The New York Times*, December 1, page five

Former president Richard Nixon makes a point to the overflow crowd that attended his speech yesterday at Britain's historic Oxford Union debating society.

Protesters Heckle Nixon at Oxford

By Stephen Landrigan
Special to The Washington Post
Rowland Nov. 30—Former presi-

a statesman pleased, he said, to be speaking to "the last generation of the 20th century."

form a "Committee to Resist the Efforts of the Ex-President"—*CREEP*—said they had organiz-

—*The Washington Post*, December 1, page one

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White House Watch

Number 41

December is the sixth of the 23 months of Jimmy Carter's presidency when he hasn't kept his preelection promise to hold at least two press conferences per month. His staff had indicated that his press conference on December 12—it was identified as "No. 41" in presidential records—would be the last one in 1978, what with Christmas coming up and the Carter family spending the holiday in Plains and who wants to be bothered with talking Presidents at that season, anyhow? A breakfast session with a group of invited reporters at the White House only five days earlier could be said to have been the equivalent of a second press conference if anybody cared to quibble, which nobody did.

Number 41 was unusual in two other respects. Carter held most of his press conferences in the morning in 1977. His first morning press conference this year was the one on December 12, by White House choice. Afternoon and evening conferences get bigger television audiences in all time zones. Morning conferences get more followup coverage. Press Secretary Jody Powell, who with imagist Gerald Rafshoon routinely goes over potential questions that may be troubling Carter at a meeting with him just before each press conference, was in Arkansas shooting helpless animals, his favorite sport, so the preparation fell mostly to Rafshoon. Carter requires less preparation than any other President in memory. Deputy domestic adviser David Rubenstein supervises the assembly of a loose-leaf briefing book with raw answers to anticipated domestic questions. Jerrold Schecter, spokesman for Zbigniew Brzezinski and the NSC, puts together a foreign policy book. Both books are delivered to Rafshoon, who delivers them to Carter. Carter scorns the practice sessions, with assistants popping possible questions at him and dissecting his answers, that recent predecessors have favored. Schecter, occasionally Brzezinski and occasionally Rubenstein's boss, Stuart Eizenstat, may sit in with Powell and Rafshoon at Carter's preconference meetings. The meetings principally consist of Carter asking for advice or more information on subjects that the briefing books may have suggested or on issues that may have arisen after the books were prepared.

When Number 41 was scheduled so soon after the December 7 press breakfast, a logical guess was that it was intended primarily to undo whatever harm Carter may have thought he and a key NSC committee had done his and the US's imperilled friend, the Shah of Iran, and to minimize the negative impressions left by the Democratic party's midterm conference in Memphis. Both problems were dealt with at the press conference. But they were handled so smoothly that nobody could say for sure that they were why Carter put himself up for media grabs.

Several other reporters agreed with me that it was one of the President's better performances. He was sharply tailored in a dark suit. He skipped an opening statement, went straight to questions and, for him, was positive and assertive throughout. People seated near him at his right noticed a little thing about him that I've never seen reported. He's pigeon-toed. His right foot in a gleaming black oxford was turned slightly inward. A photograph of him last month at a veterans day ceremony showed his right foot at a total and grotesque right angle to his left foot. The photo was posted for laughs in the White House press room.

When the President was asked December 7 whether he thought the Shah could survive the current upheaval against him, Carter answered in part: "I don't know. I hope so. This is something that is in the hands of the people of Iran." Coming from a President who had repeatedly declared his and the US's interest in the Shah's survival, it was a pallid answer. Soon afterward an NSC committee chaired and dominated by Brzezinski and temporarily including former undersecretary of state George Ball, who has been taken aboard to think about ways to keep the Persian Gulf area out of Soviet clutches, authorized the sudden evacuation of official American dependents from Iran. How Carter and other officials could have expected this sequence to be interpreted as anything but a declaration of non-confidence is beyond me. Some officials understood that it would be interpreted that way and Carter recognized the consequence after the fact. He said on December 12: "I fully expect the Shah to maintain power in Iran. . . . The Shah has our support and also has our confidence." He continued: "We have no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of Iran and [my emphasis] *we have no intention of permitting others to interfere in the internal affairs of Iran.*" Did Carter intend to suggest that "we"—he and the US—can prohibit covert Soviet subversion in Iran? He seemed to be suggesting that. It is possible to wish we could and know we can't.

Interesting answers concerned Carter's new inflation fighter, Alfred Kahn. The President did not dispute a reporter's statement that Kahn had encouraged the idea of consumer boycotts against firms that exceed the administration's wage-price guidelines and had also suggested withholding federal revenue-sharing funds from states and cities that exceed the wage guidelines in pay increases. Carter said rather tersely that he's against consumer boycotts and that withholding or reducing revenue-sharing funds for that reason would be against the law. The sad facts behind the answers are that Kahn is talking too soon and too much, that Carter has been slow and reluctant to authorize the personal staff Kahn needs to do his job, and that the makeshift staffing and executive support Carter has allowed Kahn hasn't worked very well so far. Federal agencies ordered by the President to provide top-quality

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economists and other assistants and at the same time forbidden to replace the detailees are not about to surrender their best people to Kahn and the expanded staff of the Council on Wage and Price Stability. It all has amounted to unaccountably weak and feckless support for a mission that the President says he considers more vital than any other on the domestic scene. The talents and energies of Robert Strauss, the first inflation warrior, have been dissipated and his repute has been diminished. It will be unfortunate if the same thing happens to Kahn.

The aftermath of the party conference in Memphis involves the fundamental issue of whether defense is to be favored over domestic programs and needs in the next federal budget, the related question of whether some of the affected domestic programs are worth preserving, and Carter's relationship with Senator Edward Kennedy. Carter said at the press conference that he'll do his best to preserve necessary domestic spending levels for social purposes while meeting his commitment—he restated it firmly—to increase defense spending and hold the fiscal 1980 budget deficit to "$30 billion or less." Some impressions that arose from his press conference answers and from later inquiries follow.

After his electrifying burst of dedication to traditional Democratic social aims in Memphis, Kennedy seemed, back in Washington, to be at least as anxious as Carter was to minimize their differences. Kennedy had arranged before he went to Memphis for private meetings with Stuart Eizenstat and with budget director James T. McIntyre Jr. and some of his assistants. Carter perhaps unintentionally suggested that the meetings were arranged in Memphis. They occurred separately (Eizenstat at breakfast with Kennedy; Kennedy with McIntyre in McIntyre's office). According to White House officials and to Kennedy's press spokesman, Tom Southwick, the meetings served to narrow the differences, as Carter said they had, and even on Kennedy's cherished national health proposal the differences were not so wide as they appeared to be.

Simplified reporting of the defense versus domestic spending issue and over-simple rhetoric like Kennedy's obscured important factors. There is a deep difference of opinion between Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall and White House officialdom over the worth of the costly comprehensive employment training program, which is supposed to provide jobs for hard-core black and other minority unemployed. Marshall thinks it has worked reasonably well. A White House view is that it's proved on the whole to be a wasteful mess, subject to such abuses as using federal money to create jobs for privileged blacks on city payrolls. There also is a danger, now beginning to surface, that the already low rate of economic growth assumed by Carter in 1979 may be even lower. The resultant loss of tax revenue would compound the difficulty—he's said it is "traumatic"—that he brought upon himself with his public pledge to hold the next deficit to what could be an impossible level.

There is the question whether Carter will go for nomination and reelection in 1980 and whether, if he does, he will be fighting Kennedy for the nomination. Carter, obviously enjoying the exchange, was asked at the press conference whether he'd decided about 1980. He answered, "Yes." When would he tell what he'd decided? "Later." The view here has been since 1976 that Carter would go for nomination and reelection in 1980 if and only if he were certain that he would win. I think he's certain that he can and will win. If that is correct, he has to be certain or at least wholly confident that Teddy Kennedy will not oppose him for the nomination.

Richard Nixon visited Washington the week of Carter's press breakfast and Gerald Ford was in town the day of Carter's press conference. Nobody at the breakfast asked Carter whether he'd see or had been asked to see Nixon. They did not expect to communicate and did not communicate in any way. Ford visited Carter publicly and by prearrangement at the White House and they had a great time together in front of press and cameras. Ford asked Carter how the press was treating him and Carter said the press had treated Ford better than it was treating him. That is doubtful. Jimmy is doing all right.

John Osborne

Secret threats to Europe heat up the struggle against China.

The Brezhnev Letters

The Soviet Union is attempting to drive a wedge among Western allies over the issue of arms sales to China through a secret diplomatic offensive conducted personally by President Brezhnev. Brezhnev sent private letters early this month to President Valery Giscard d'Estaing of France, Prime Minister James Callaghan of Britain and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of Germany, containing threats as well as calm persuasion in an attempt to prevent these West European governments from helping Peking to modernize its obsolete armed forces.

Brezhnev's efforts already have created diplomatic problems within the Western alliance. France, Britain and West Germany have established total secrecy

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concerning the Brezhnev letters. The Russians themselves have not publicized this correspondence, clearly more strongly worded than the propaganda outcries on rearming China that Moscow has been spouting for months. The three European governments have even avoided discussing the Brezhnev letters among themselves. The United States government has been unable to obtain the contents of these letters despite efforts in Washington and Paris.

Diplomats here believe that the French are not eager to encourage any joint Western position on this issue. France already has contracted to sell the Chinese sophisticated anti-tank missiles and Super Felon and Alouette helicopters. Presumably, it wishes to retain freedom of action in this matter. On the other hand, the French want to protect their reasonably good relations with Moscow. The Chinese have approached West Germany about purchasing German Leopard tanks, but the Germans have made no decision so far. All Western governments take the position that only "defensive" weapons—however murkily defined—should be sold to the Chinese. But the Germans may decide against any sales at all to avoid complicating their relations with the Soviets.

The toughest Brezhnev letter, diplomats say, went to Prime Minister Callaghan in the light of apparent British willingness to sell vertical-take-off-and-landing Harrier jet fighters. The Harrier is regarded by Moscow as a clearly "offensive" weapon. Even Western experts agree that it could be fitted for the delivery of nuclear weapons. Brezhnev specifically alluded to the Harrier in his letter to Callaghan. In all three cases, Brezhnev is said to have emphasized that relations between the Soviet Union and Western European governments would be seriously at stake if arms were sold to China. He has forcefully expressed his opinion that such sales would "destabilize" the world situation.

American policy on this topic remains unclear. The Carter administration has taken the official stand that the United States would sell no arms of any kind to China. But it has done nothing to discourage its North Atlantic Treaty Organization allies from supplying China with "defensive" weapons. Officials here say that when National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was in Rome last month for the inauguration of Pope John Paul II, he told Italian Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti that the United States does not care what the Europeans do for China. Italy is an arms producer although it has not yet been approached by the Chinese.

The Carter administration faces hard decisions of its own in this area. China recently expressed interest in purchasing from Lockheed a civilian version of the troop and cargo-carrying C-130 Hercules, a four-engine turboprop transport used by the US Air Force. In order to sell this aircraft to Peking, Lockheed would need a US Government export license. It would take a significant top-level policy decision here to authorize such a sale. This question may be part of the current review of Western arms sales to China that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance ordered early in December. The Central Intelligence Agency produced a similar study in September, known as "CAT-Triad" (CAT stands for Conventional Arms Transfers), but officials say it is already out of date.

In the meantime, the Western Europeans must decide how to handle Brezhnev's private threats. Diplomats think that Britain will not allow Soviet pressure to affect its policies on Harrier sales to China. In any event, Callaghan is not likely to consult his allies before responding. France has indicated that all its sales would be "on merit." But all concerned are aware that Brezhnev is seeking to divide the alliance over the China issue: thus the diplomatic secrecy covering the entire situation.

Tad Szulc

The IRS tries to close loopholes for racists.

Subsidizing Segregation

Racial discrimination—especially by the government and more especially in schools—has been outlawed in this country for a long time. Back in 1954, *Brown v. Board of Education* made clear that separate but equal public education could no longer pass constitutional muster. Ten years later Congress added Title VI of the Civil Rights Act, which banned federal assistance to *private* educational bigotry. So, two dozen years after *Brown*, it's not exactly shocking that the Internal Revenue Service recently proposed new rules to assure that private schools set up following court-ordered desegregation for a community's public schools are not using tax-exempt funds to continue segregated education. A reasonable person might think that the only thing controversial about the IRS's action is what took the agency so long.

But the IRS rulings are facing so much opposition that it's almost as if the whole civil rights movement had never taken place. The tax agency has received more than 100,000 letters against the proposal, and so many people wanted to speak in person that the public hearings on the subject had to be extended for two additional days.

This "groundswell" of public outcry is somewhat diminished in impact by the fact that the American Conservative Union and an organization called the "National Christian Action Coalition" take credit for virtually every piece of mail. One wonders whether the

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Civil Rights Act of 1964 could have passed if conservatives had discovered computerized mailing lists. Still, 100,000 letters is a lot—more than the IRS has ever received on a single issue. And not all the commentators were as obnoxiously direct as the woman who called asking for an hour to speak, during which time would the IRS "please clear the room of all blacks and Jews." In fact, the fight to preserve tax exemptions for segregated academies is being led by a leading exemplar of redemption through politics, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, former outspoken segregationist and now an alleged born-again believer in equal rights. Thurmond insists that he and the others in the fight he leads are not opposing the IRS on racial grounds. "No reasonable man would try to do that," he points out.

The ruckus involves the section of the Internal Revenue Code that gives a tax exemption to charitable, religious and educational institutions. Tax-exempt status is valuable to private schools for two reasons. It means that (like the government itself) they and their employees are not required to participate in the Social Security program. More important, it means that contributions to these schools are tax deductible by the donor. The effective government subsidy inherent in this tax deduction amounts to a billion dollars a year for all private schools and their benefactors.

Since one of the purposes of the exemption is to encourage educational diversity, the qualifications are purposely somewhat vague. But obviously, some criteria must be met. Otherwise, as one court noted, the government might find itself subsidizing "Fagin's school of pickpocketing." Unfortunately, however, the IRS hasn't always used much discretion to insure that exemptions are not used to protect racial discrimination.

As more and more school districts were forced to desegregate in the late 1960s, there was a simultaneous burgeoning of private "white flight" schools, some loosely affiliated with churches. The IRS routinely granted the schools tax-exempt status; even in cases where courts had ruled that schools were practicing racial discrimination, and ordered their other federal aid cut off, the IRS continued to grant a tax exemption.

This lax policy soon hurtled the IRS into litigation. In 1971 a Mississippi federal court informed the agency that its tolerance violated just about every federal equal rights policy imaginable, including the Civil Rights Act and the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution. The decision was later affirmed by the Supreme Court. Chastened, the tax agency began a slow process of bringing its procedures into compliance with the law.

By 1975, the IRS had devised a set of guidelines, based on a standard of lip service. The rules provided that, in order to get a tax exemption, a school merely had to have an officially expressed policy of nondiscrimination, published in school brochures and catalogues and advertised once a year in a newspaper or on the radio.

Such requirements lacked teeth, to say the least. Several schools that federal courts have found to be discriminatory and many more that communities recognize as blatantly segregationist have managed to maintain their tax exemptions merely by publishing a few magic—and meaningless—words. Even so, some of the allegedly "religious" schools took the IRS to court, arguing that the rules interfered with their First Amendment rights to free exercise of religion. They lost in 1977.

Meanwhile, the obvious inadequacy of the IRS requirements led to new litigation by civil rights groups. President Carter's IRS commissioner, Jerry Kurtz, also realized their defects. So the IRS came up with some new guidelines. This time the rules focus on the actual problem areas: what the IRS calls "reviewable schools." These include schools that have been found by a federal court or agency to be discriminatory and other institutions that were founded or significantly expanded soon after a public school desegregation order in their community. Other schools' exemptions will not be questioned.

To further narrow the list of "reviewable" schools, the ruling then applies an objective test, criticized as "the new despotism" by the American Conservative Union and as "too lenient" by the NAACP. This standard exempts from further review any school that has at least one-fifth the percentage of blacks that the local community has. In other words, if the community is 40 percent black, and eight percent of the students in the school are black, IRS will continue the tax exemption and not inquire further. If the community is 10 percent black, only two percent is required.

Schools that don't fall within this rather generous "safe harbor" can still prove that they are not discriminatory by showing that they are making an earnest effort to change by hiring minority teachers or offering minority scholarships. And schools that can't even manage this are given a grace period during which they can retain their exemption while they attempt to meet one of these standards.

The rules seem fair enough, but the voices of supporters were overwhelmed by those of opponents at the public hearings, as Strom Thurmond, 11 other members of Congress and an interminable number of representatives from "Christian schools" around the country delivered their parallel diatribes against the rulings. One of these representatives was Randolph W. Thrower, IRS commissioner under President Nixon and now a Georgia lawyer. Like Thurmond, they all vehemently deny that there are any racial purposes underlying their schools' existence. The fact that many of these schools were founded at the time of desegregation plans is irrelevant, they say. They created their schools as alternatives to the drug abuse, violence and godlessness that took over in the public schools, coinci-

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dentally just as they were being integrated. Of course proponents of this particular line of argument fail to explain why, if their intentions are so pure, they cannot meet the IRS's mild standards.

Some argue that denying tax exemptions to church-related schools, whatever their racial practices, violates the constitutional principle of the separation of church and state. As it happens, the American Civil Liberties Union has put forth an interesting argument to the other extreme: that the First Amendment actually *precludes* tax exemptions to churches or church schools. Neither extreme has survived court tests. The ACLU lost its argument in the Supreme Court in 1970 and the religious schools' view was rejected last year.

It's possible to imagine a situation where genuine religious schools could be trapped unfairly by the proposed IRS guidelines. If part of a long-planned gradual expansion happened to coincide with a public school desegregation order in the community, a school might fall under the initial test for IRS scrutiny. A Jewish or Amish school, for example, might have a hard time meeting the alternative tests for continued exemption, because of the rarity of Jewish or Amish blacks.

The American Jewish Congress has asked the IRS to modify the guidelines to take into account the religious community from which the school is drawing its enrollment, but even as they stand, the guidelines permit the IRS to deal with unusual circumstances on a case by case basis. The US Catholic Conference points out that during public school desegregation Catholic schools often actively recruited minorities and that most of them shouldn't have any trouble meeting the IRS standards. The Roman Catholic dioceses of Biloxi and Jackson have strict antidiscrimination policies, and say they will be happy to have the IRS's help in enforcing them.

Of course there are a few schools that, far from claiming that they don't discriminate, flaunt their racist policies. One of them, Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina, calls itself "the most unusual university in the world" because of its policy of refusing to admit blacks (which, incidentally, already has cost the university both its tax exemption and Veterans Administration benefits for its students). Other schools say that just to satisfy the IRS they have adopted genuine non-discriminatory *policies*, but because they continue to hold and teach their segregationist *beliefs* they should not be expected to attract many blacks to their schools.

The IRS isn't interested in changing people's beliefs, however misguided. It is simply attempting—finally—to enforce the tax law. As a court has noted, "Perhaps those who cling to infantile and ultimately self-destructive notions of their racial superiority cannot be forced to maturity. But the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments do require that such individuals not be given solace in their delusions by the Government."

Or, as one black man at the hearings succinctly put forth on a cardboard sign, "Jim Crow with your own dough."

Anne G. Witte

Anne G. Witte is editor of *People and Taxes*, a newsletter of Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Research Group.

A decorous battleground.

Miniconvention

Memphis, Tennessee

Advance notices for the Democrats' midterm conference promised a shoot-out between the Carter administration and the liberals. Well, if you can imagine a shoot-out where both parties are concerned about behaving responsibly and not embarrassing one another unduly, the event lived up to its billing.

It's certainly true that each side showed up in Memphis thinking it had something to prove. What the liberals wanted to prove was that they are still a force to be reckoned with in the Democratic party. Seen by most of the country's political press as factionalized and leaderless, many of those who found their way into politics through the antiwar campaigns of 1968 and 1972 are in a mood to believe the reviews. They watched their coalition crumble in 1976 to the benefit of a candidate without ties to the Democratic party, let alone to their own new politics constituencies. Then, in 1978, they watched as incumbent Democratic congressmen campaigned and won as tax cutters and inflation fighters. And now that the broad outlines of the Carter administration's budget have begun to emerge, they can see that the White House campaign to eliminate government waste and cut spending will be directed primarily at the domestic social programs they hold most dear. So many liberals arrived in Memphis spoiling to have their say, but worried that when the moment came, they might again be proved impotent; they worried that the conference would be turned into a nationally televised gripe session dominated by the president's harshest critics in his own party—"a self-inflicted wound," as one observer put it. Back when President Carter was in his pre-Camp David slump, the worst fear of his operatives was that Memphis might even serve as a launching pad for a dump Carter movement. So the objective at the White House was to return from here with a demonstration of broad support for the president's policies, along with a clear signal that Carterites have established some control

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over the party apparatus.

To assure that control, the conference rules were juggled a bit, to require that all resolutions sent to the floor had to be approved first by an official convention committee or have the support of 25 percent of the convention delegates—*before the convention opened.* In addition, most of the conference schedule was given over to workships, seminars and ceremony, with only a few hours on the final day devoted to a plenary session for debate on policy.

In fact, both sides did reasonably well. In preparing for Memphis, the liberals avoided "hot button" issues like abortion and homosexual rights, concentrating instead on tax reform, full employment, energy, national health insurance and so forth. Most of the support for these resolutions was organized by an *ad hoc* group calling itself The Democratic Agenda, which is headed by socialist author Michael Harrington and backed by a group of congressmen, union presidents, Democratic party officials and activists. The resolutions expressed specific, programmatic differences with the course staked out by the Carter administration in each instance, but they also avoided inflammatory rhetoric or propositions that could be dismissed simply as attempts to embarrass President Carter. On efforts to loosen up convention procedures and increase time for debate, the liberals grouped behind Representative Donald Fraser of Minnesota.

Because they got themselves organized early and demonstrated an uncharacteristic willingness to submit to some leadership, liberals made some important gains in Memphis. On arrangements for the 1980 convention, for example, they persuaded the Democratic National Committee to divide delegate spots equally between men and women, and to eliminate all vestiges of winner-take-all systems from the nation's presidential primaries, thereby settling two fights that have raged in the party for more than a decade.

The Carter people found themselves up against a larger and better organized liberal faction than they expected—but not strong enough to really endanger their control. Forced to decide whether to bargain and accommodate or to smother the opposition, DNC Chairman John White and the White House aides on hand wisely chose a negotiated settlement wherever possible. White agreed to assure adequate time for debate on resolutions by the full convention, somewhat allaying complaints that delegates had traveled great distances for nothing more than a round of parties and pats on the head. Some competing resolutions were absorbed. For example, a Democratic Agenda resolution on tax reform was combined with one offered by Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic and passed unanimously. On a few other issues, compromises were negotiated by adding language acceptable to both sides.

But both sides needed at least one confrontation for the record, and they figured out a way to get it. It came on a budget resolution offered by United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser criticizing the Carter administration's plan to increase defense spending and promising "an adequate budget to meet human needs, in no case less than the current budget for human and social services." For all its flexibility, the administration was not prepared to lose a major battle, and John White surrendered the convention gavel in order to issue an emotional plea to the delegates to "trust the president."

On the floor, 150 members of the White House-DNC whip system—consisting of governors, governors-elect, White House aides, mayors, administration appointees, party chairmen and political hired guns—passed the word that a defeat would be a direct slap at President Carter. The yeas and nays were called twice, and each time the outcome seemed obvious. But from the podium, Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit, who was temporarily replacing White as chairman, called first for a standing vote, then for a delegation roll call. The Carter people wanted a number, a fixed percentage victory, for the press to analyze and report. For the record, the vote was 822-521 against the Fraser resolution, a 61 percent margin of victory for Mr. Carter. That number closely resembled the results of a CBS poll of the delegates which showed that 58 percent wanted him as the party's 1980 nominee.

DNC Chairman White said that the vote showed that "Jimmy Carter and his political party are in tune with each other." Richard Samuels, a liberal delegate from New Jersey who registered his vote on the other side, took a different view. "Forty percent in a fixed fight is a great victory," said Samuels.

The Democratic Agenda has been passed off by some press reports and party leaders as a "fringe group." The leaders of this group include four heads of major unions—Douglas Fraser of the UAW, William Winpisinger of the Machinists, Murray Finley of the Garment Workers and Jerry Wurf of the State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). Liberal disaffection from this administration sometimes is dismissed with the observation that Jimmy Carter was not their first choice anyway. That's not entirely accurate. Early support from a coalition of nine liberal labor unions, including three now active in the group, was very important in getting Carter under way in Iowa and in fueling his drive to become the respectable southern alternative to George Wallace in Florida. His earliest backing in the union movement came from Fraser's predecessor at the UAW, Leonard Woodcock, and from Wurf at AFSCME. Another source of important and early Carter support was black Democrats whose leaders are now openly critical of the administration decisions to cut federal spending on programs to help the poor.

From the dialogue at this midterm conference, it seems clear that Democrats will be hearing discordant themes over the next two years. On the one hand, the

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Carter administration sees in the results of the past election an emerging popular consensus for controlling inflation, cutting waste, trimming the federal budget and scaling down domestic social spending. On the other, the liberal wing of the party is not inclined to try to solve the problem of inflation by cutting funds for job training, welfare, housing, school lunches and community development, while setting aside comprehensive national health insurance and at the same time increasing the defense budget. That discord may explain why Carter's opening speech to this conference—tough on inflation now, with hope for the future—received such a tepid response from the delegates. It may also partially explain the response generated by Ted Kennedy's stemwinder the following day.

Even White House aides admitted Kennedy's performance was the theatrical high point of the convention. He appeared opposite HEW Secretary Joe Califano and White House domestic affairs adviser Stuart Eisenstadt in what was designed to be a panel discussion on national health insurance. Kennedy, it might be said, broke format. Striding about the stage, arms waving, voice booming in a grander oratorical style than either of his brothers ever applied, the Massachusetts senator gave the audience what it came to hear—some full-blown Democratic oratory. Touching all his bases, he declared a new battleline in the party with a single sentence: "There could be few more divisive issues for America and for our party than a Democratic policy of drastic slashes in the federal budget at the expense of the elderly, the poor, the black, the sick, the cities and the unemployed." Applause.

Kennedy's audience for this single workshop was estimated at half the total number of delegates, alternates, press and assorted hangers-on who traveled to Memphis for the weekend. Returning to the subject and enjoying himself to the fullest, Kennedy reminded them that two categories of Americans already have comprehensive health care: the wealthy, who can afford to pay for it, and members of the House and Senate, who get the best the government can provide at Walter Reed Army Hospital and Bethesda Naval Hospital, for free. "That isn't fair!" Kennedy shouted. "If national health insurance is good enough for the wealthy and good enough for Congress, then it is good enough for every American citizen in every city, town and village and on every farm throughout this land!" Standing ovation. "Electrifying" was the adjective seized upon by the press.

Kennedy played with his audience like a yo-yo master, but he also engaged in some elaborate behind-the-scenes negotiations with the Carter administration to get agreement on a national health insurance resolution that would avoid a floor fight. It does not serve Kennedy's purposes right now to become the wedge for a split between the liberals and Carter. For its part, the White House could not agree to any resolution that committed it to a major, costly new program just at a time when it needs all the anti-inflation credibility it can muster in its budget cutting battles throughout the government. Kennedy and his major ally in the health insurance fight, Doug Fraser of the UAW, would not settle for a resolution that suggested any backing away from the 1976 Democratic platform, nor any that failed to include a timetable. "That platform," Fraser reminded the delegates, "was entitled 'A Contract with the American People.'" The compromise finally negotiated on timing was two years, the duration of the 96th Congress.

Kennedy's performance set the place astir with speculation about his intentions for 1980. Pols around the bars and hospitality rooms in Memphis also noticed a small change in his Senate staff: the addition of Carl Wagner, who lately has been helping out with the legislative program at AFSCME. Before that, Wagner built a reputation as one of the country's best political organizers, and, as a member of the Winograd Commission which just finished rewriting the Democratic party rules for 1980, he has a current and convenient familiarity with how Democratic presidential candidates get nominated. Tom Southwick, Kennedy's press secretary, says Wagner will be in charge of liaison with unions and public officials, helping out with certain legislative initiatives, helping with the Senator's schedule, and that's all. But if you were even just thinking about running for president sometime in the future, it wouldn't hurt you to put a fellow like Wagner in charge of your whereabouts in the meantime.

Ken Bode

Another bad idea from Russell Long and Al Ullman.

Anything but VAT

Russell Long and Al Ullman have been publicly mulling over the possibility of a new federal tax. What the chairmen of Congress's two principal tax-writing committees have in mind is called a value-added tax. Depending on who's talking, it would partially replace the Social Security payroll tax (Ullman's version) or totally replace it and, in addition, partially replace the personal income tax (Long's version). This is not the first serious discussion of a VAT. American policymakers occasionally have been tempted by it ever since 1967, when the European Common Market required all member countries to implement a VAT to replace the property tax as a source of revenue for

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public schools, but the idea never got a strong push and eventually was discarded.

In essence, a federal VAT would be a national sales tax, differing little in its effects from the retail sales taxes already imposed by most states. But in administration, a VAT would be considerably more complicated. The VAT applies to the "value added" to replace existing sales taxes. President Nixon proposed a VAT to goods and services at each stage of the production and sale process. If, for example, during one month a retailer has net sales of $100,000 and purchases $80,000 worth of goods and services from other businesses, he is taxed on the $20,000 difference—which represents the value he has added to the product. From the first stage of production to the final sale there may be dozens of transactions; and at each step the VAT must be calculated, making it much more complex than a simple tax on the final retail sale, while raising exactly the same amount of revenue.

A VAT would raise about $12 billion for each percentage point in the tax rate. It would serve as a more predictable source of funds than the income tax, since it would not be directly affected by the increases in unemployment and decreases in corporate profits that occur during recessions. It would encourage more saving, since it taxes only consumption, not income. It might improve the United States's trade position, since the federal government could rebate the tax on exports (as the Common Market nations do), which cannot be done with other taxes, like employers' Social Security payments.

For Long and Ullman, though, the VAT's biggest attraction is political. Both instinctively know the truth of Burke's lament: "To tax and to please, no more than to love and be wise, is not given to man." But both also know that some taxes cause keener pain than others. Payroll taxes are highly visible: every paycheck confronts wage earners with the personal cost to them of running the federal government. Last year's Social Security tax increase provoked noisy protest from taxpayers—enough, in an election year, to only just miss forcing Congress to revoke it. Long and Ullman no doubt are eyeing the even bigger Social Security increase scheduled for next year and dearly want to avoid another storm of public outrage.

Their solution is the value-added tax, which in many cases would simply be included in the purchase price of a product. After the initial jolt when it came into effect, it would be pretty well unnoticed. Even if it were not invisible, the VAT would be less painful than a payroll tax. This is because it would take its share in nibbles—a few pennies here, a few pennies there—rather than in one big gulp every two weeks or so. The advantage to politicians lies in the fact that most people will have only the vaguest idea of how much money the tax costs them: it's a rare taxpayer who would sit down every two weeks to add up the VAT she has paid. (How many do it today with the sales tax?) Senator Long exhibits surprising candor on this point—the VAT is "the least painful way of collecting money," he says—probably because he knows the people he has to persuade are his fellow members of Congress. The battle for VAT will be waged in the committee rooms, not in the streets.

As a rule, visible, cumulative taxes are preferable to hidden, incremental ones. It is an essential premise of constitutional democracy—or should be—that it is better for citizens to know what their government is doing to them than for them not to know. Making taxes less obvious will not improve the average taxpayers' lot; it will just make it harder for them to identify the source of their troubles. Logically this would make Congress less sensitive to its constituents and less vulnerable to voter dissatisfaction.

The VAT's biggest flaw, though, is its regressive impact. Unlike the federal income tax, there is not even the pretense of charging higher rates to those who can afford a larger relative burden. In fact, like any sales tax, the VAT actually takes a larger proportion of poorer people's income than it does richer people's. This is because the poorer you are, the more of your income must go to pay for consumer goods—food, shelter, transportation, clothing and so on. A VAT shifts the weight of taxation from those who can afford to save money to those who cannot: that is, from the prosperous to the poor. Long takes a sanguine view of this unfortunate result, arguing that a VAT would be no more regressive than the existing Social Security payroll tax. No doubt he is right here. Since it applies to only the first $17,700 of wage income (higher next year), and not at all to investment profits, the FICA tax is one of the most regressive imaginable. The VAT is no worse, but saying so is no recommendation.

Ullman thinks a VAT's regressivity could easily be corrected by exempting certain basic goods like food. But doing so would not change the crucial fact that the tax will weigh lightest on the wealthy and heaviest on those below them. Providing such exemptions would only shift some of the burden from the poor to the middle class. Moreover, every exemption would diminish what Long and Ullman see as one of the VAT's most appealing virtues: its alleged simplicity. They also would reduce the amount of revenue the tax would bring in. As a matter of fact, the VAT is not all that simple. It has that reputation only because in Europe it replaced a hideously complicated system of business turnover taxes. The VAT may look simple by European standards, but it would be considerably more complex than either a national retail sales tax or the Social Security tax it is supposed to replace. It certainly is more complicated than the alternative that also would distribute the burden most fairly: simply raising the same amount of revenue through the income tax, which is going to remain in any event.

Long and Ullman are right that this sort of tax on consumption would encourage more savings, thus

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providing badly needed funds for investment. Personal saving in this country has fallen to the lowest level in 30 years. A low level of savings inhibits capital formation, thus slowing gains in productivity, thus aggravating inflation. For this reason and others, a progressive consumption tax is thought by many to be the fairest and most efficient possible tax system. But a VAT would be a quite minor stimulus to savings. The real enemy of saving is inflation, which makes every dollar worth more today than it will be tomorrow. Federal ceilings on the interest that can be paid on savings have made thrift a losing venture, even before the income tax comes along to reduce the return even further. If Long and Ullman really want to stimulate savings, they should repeal limits on interest rates and consider indexing Treasury bonds to the Consumer Price Index, to stop the government's insidious habit of betting against itself. Most important, they should support long-range steps to bring down the rate of inflation.

Enacting a VAT would be a drastic step, and Congress lately has shown little taste for anything drastic. But it may be the only alternative to facing head-on the anger of an already ornery taxpaying public that would be further aroused by a big boost in Social Security taxes. Lately Congress has not shown that kind of bravery, either. When the Social Security increases take effect, Congress will be looking for an easy way out, and it might turn to a VAT. If so, the decision will be made on its political merits, not its economic ones.

Stephen Chapman

How a nation can destroy itself while pretending everything is normal.

Argentina in Agony

by Stephen Kinzer

Buenos Aires

The veneer of normality covering daily life in Argentina is very thin, but it is convincing enough for anyone who prefers not to know the truth. This group includes most Argentines and almost all visitors. Buenos Aires lives up to its reputation as one of the most cosmopolitan, sophisticated cities in the world. Well-stocked department stores and trendy boutiques are crammed with high-fashion clothing and other expensive goods. Smartly-dressed pedestrians throng the streets, taxis are plentiful and full of prosperous Argentines in tuxedos and long gowns heading to the opera and the first-rate symphony orchestra.

To all outward appearances, Buenos Aires is back to normal. Until the World Cup soccer championship series held here last June, some visitors were disturbed by heavily armed policemen on street corners and truckloads of soldiers in battle gear visible on busy thoroughfares. But in an effort to put on a favorable show for the thousands of foreign visitors and journalists who came for the big event, the heavy displays of force were removed, and they have not reappeared. There are no more police visible on the streets of Buenos Aires than in any American city.

But anyone who wants to know the truth here can discover it without much difficulty. The most visible crack in the veneer is a silent procession of about 200 middle-aged women that takes place in front of the president's office every Thursday afternoon. They are mothers of *desaparecidos*, people who have disappeared in the past two years.

Argentina today is governed by terrorists in military uniforms. They have unleashed a reign of savagery unmatched in the modern history of the western hemisphere, dwarfing in scope and intensity even the post-coup repression in Pinochet's Chile and the terror of Duvalier's Haiti. Since the military takeover on March 24, 1976, in the name of freedom and with the stated ultimate goal of returning the nation to democracy, between 10,000 and 15,000 people have been killed after being kidnapped by police from their homes or offices. Their mutilated bodies have been dumped in the River Plate or cremated late at night at the Chacarita cemetery in Buenos Aires. About 4000 corpses, most unidentifiable, have been discovered in

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common graves and on the river banks. Thousands more *desaparecidos* are still alive, held somewhere in prisons and special detention camps, the existence of which is amply documented but firmly denied by the government.

There are more countries than we may care to admit where a prisoner may be beaten after his arrest, perhaps burned with a cigarette, or even shot dead and dumped in a ravine for grieving relatives to find. But that is not at all how repression works in Argentina. Here the government has consciously decided to use kidnappings, well-planned torture of specific sorts and extended imprisonment in camps whose existence is officially denied as its prime weapons against everyone it perceives as an enemy.

Even the government leaders admit that they have long since found and defeated almost everyone who ever participated in the two terrorist groups that were active here during the early part of the 1970s. The targets of repression now include such a broad range of Argentines that almost no one can feel safe. "We have concluded the military phase of repression and we must now continue against ideologues," a high Argentine official explained in September. "This struggle will take many years, because a person with an ideology is even more dangerous than those who carry arms."

President Jorge Rafael Videla himself put it succinctly at a press conference last May: "All the necessary persons will die in Argentina to assure the country's security." Four months earlier, he put the same sentiment this way: "A terrorist is not just someone with a gun or a bomb but also someone who spreads ideas that are contrary to western civilization."

The military men in power believe that they are fighting a third world war which, by a quirk of history, happened to begin in Argentina. This is the war that western, Christian culture is fighting against those who would subvert it and replace it with a godless, communistic ideology. The military government believes, therefore, that it is doing western culture a great favor by assuming the burden of this war, and remains puzzled that, far from receiving acclaim and gratitude from the nations on whose behalf it presumes to be fighting, especially the United States, it is being criticized for the methods it uses in what the government calls its "dirty war." But the government is confident that one day Argentina will be recognized as the savior of the West.

When the military seized control in 1976 from the hopelessly corrupt and incompetent Isabel Peron, it immediately implemented a pre-planned campaign against groups it considered subversive. The first targets were the two guerrilla groups whose terror tactics had disrupted national life and put much of the population in genuine fear. The government claims there were as many as 20,000 fighters in the two groups, the Montoneros and the Revolutionary People's Army (ERP), but the actual number of militants was less than 5000, many of whose identities were known to authorities. Within a few months after the coup, these people were dead; no more than 200 survive today.

All suspected militants—including many who must have been innocent—were captured in a similar fashion. Their homes were broken into by armed men in civilian clothes, and they were taken directly to a nearby prison prepared especially to receive them. There they were tortured for information about their activities and associates. Everyone they named, plus everyone whose name appeared in their personal address books or notes found in their homes, was immediately arrested as well and subjected to the same treatment. Prisoners suspected of having committed or having known about acts of violence were killed after their jailers were convinced that they had extracted all the information in the prisoners' possession. In most cases, they were injected with a knockout drug, shot in the head while unconscious and dumped in the River Plate at night after their stomachs were slit open so they would not rise to the surface.

But the work did not stop after what the government calls "subversive terrorism" was defeated. Like widening ripples in a pool, the circle of victims continued to expand. First it was those believed to have committed terrorist acts; then those thought to have supported those acts; then those who had legal contacts with people who may have supported them, such as doctors and lawyers; then friends and colleagues of those who had such contact, and so on. In recent months, those who had anything to do with one of the many organized Peronist groups, such as summer camps, labor unions or student federations, are falling victim—in many cases, people who never thought that the reign of terror would reach their doorstep.

The system in use today has been slightly refined from what it was just after the coup. Instead of a dozen armed thugs crashing through the door at midnight, two well-dressed men—backed by more outside in the unmarked Ford Falcons that are the trademark of the security forces—knock on the door and ask for the intended victim by name. They either ask him to come to the station for "routine questioning" or invent some ruse like wanting to speak to him about a motor vehicle violation. "In 90 percent of these cases," explained one observer who monitors these patterns closely, "the guys they're getting now are law-abiding citizens who, if you sent them a postcard in the mail asking them to be at the police station at a certain hour, would willingly show up."

The victim may put on a fresh suit, kiss his wife, and promise to be home for dinner. He is then never heard from again, then when distraught relatives call at the police station or barracks, they are told firmly that the police never heard of the supposed victim, that they know nothing of his whereabouts and that the questioners would be wise not to pursue their inquiries.

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Patterns emerge from repeated stories of people who have been released from prison and from letters smuggled out of jails. Most prisoners are badly beaten upon their capture. When the victim is only a casual target—say, the mother of a suspected offender—a beating and a few days of immersion in buckets of water or human waste may be enough. Many of these people are then released and told to remain silent about what happened. But they are in a small, relatively fortunate minority.

For the rest, daily life begins to revolve around the *picana*, the electric cattle prod that is the basic weapon of torture in Argentina. Patricia Erb, a 19-year-old American resident of Buenos Aires was arrested in 1976 and later released due to international pressure and her status as an American citizen. The apparent reason for her abduction was her field work as a sociology student in Buenos Aires slums.

"This torture took various forms," she wrote after her release, "beating with clubs and fists, kicks, immersion in water or fecal substance almost to the point of drowning, and use of *la picana*, which was applied to the most sensitive parts of the body. In order to cause greater pain, they would tie us down to a wire bed which carried an electric current and entangle wire between our fingers and toes, splashing water on us in order to increase the pain."

Again, torture, even in these extremes, exists in many countries of varied ideology. But Argentina is special because the veritable torture has been bureaucratized and made routine to the point where identical stories are told of prisons separated by thousands of miles and operated by different branches of the security forces and military.

It is difficult to understand how Argentina, by most standards the most advanced nation in Latin America, could have fallen into its present agony. It has the highest literacy rate in South America (95 percent), an elite of US-trained technicians, virtually no unemployment or starvation, until recently more doctors per capita than even the US and Canada, and a capital city known as one of the world's cultural centers. Argentina was never a British colony, but for many decades it was dominated by England. It is bountifully endowed with rich agricultural land that makes it the breadbasket of the continent.

From the middle of the 19th century until 1930, Argentina held regular elections and was considered by most foreign analysts to be progressing along the same lines as Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Until about 1910, as in most incipient democracies of the period, the electoral process was dominated by a European-oriented aristocracy and an equally European military establishment. With the dawn of the new century and the rise of a middle class, suffrage was extended and power shifted gradually to the moderate Radical party, which embodied the aspirations of the newer Argentines, the merchants and smaller farmers. But the institutions of democracy apparently never took firm root, and in 1930, when a senile president proved unable to deal with the domestic effects of the world economic crisis, the military moved into direct control.

During the 1930s, a profound social change came over Argentina. The rich land attracted many European immigrants, especially from Italy and Spain. They began to establish new industries to use the skills they brought from Europe, industries that were needed in Argentina because the outside world was preoccupied with preparations for war: chemicals, metal fabricating and textile manufacture. By the time the war ended, Argentina had a genuine industrial, urban proletariat. The new working class was ripe for a leader who would give it access to the political system. The man who recognized that enormous potential and used it to dominate Argentina for 30 years was Juan Domingo Peron.

Peron led a group of younger military men calling themselves the United Officers Group, who were dissatisfied with the unequal distribution of wealth in Argentina. Peron assumed the role of hero of the Argentine masses, and was elected president in February 1946.

During the height of his power in the early 1950s, Peron totally dominated Argentina and became a model for *caudillos* in other parts of Latin America. With the help of his tireless and spellbinding wife Eva, he won an almost fanatic popular following by embarking on major public works and social welfare programs, nationalizing foreign monopolies and embracing the cause of the *descamisados*, the "shirtless ones."

A great admirer of Italian fascism and the way it organized every segment of society, Peron forged various sectors of the Argentine people into what amounted to tightly-woven networks of personal supporters in unions, schools, universities and social welfare agencies. With Eva's death in 1952 and his increasing inability to placate the many powerful groups he had alienated, including businessmen, traditional military leaders and the Catholic hierarchy, Peron was overthrown in September 1955.

For the next 18 years, until 1973, Peron lived in exile in Madrid while Argentina went through a succession of military dictatorships and elected governments. But Peron's followers remained loyal, and he retained an effective stranglehold on his country from foreign exile. An amazing range of political ideologies, from communism to social democracy to reaction to outright Nazism, came to group themselves under the Peronist banner. Peron's unique brand of populist fascism, fed by his cryptic directives from Madrid, attracted so many Argentines to his cause that the breakup of the Peronist coalition was inevitable once he returned to power.

When Peron finally was permitted to return in June

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1973, a demonstration of three million jubilant Argentines turned ugly as right-wing Peronists attacked left-wing Peronists, including Montonero guerrillas who had laid down arms to greet their hero. The strategy of the military in inviting him back was to split the guerillas off from Peron, and it worked. Peron immediately threw his lot with the right wing of his movement after being elected president in 1974, and the guerillas turned increasingly to terror tactics.

The guerrilla movement in Argentina had begun to take on strength in 1969. But terrorist violence only became common after the guerrillas were denounced by Peron. "This was a desperate, murderous situation," one liberal Argentine recalls. "Anyone and everyone was fair game. You could send your child to school and not know whether the bus was going to explode. These were serious terrorists, not your fuzzy-cheeked altruistic university youth."

The terrorism reached its peak during the presidency of Peron's widow, Isabel. Two judges were killed, two dozen businessmen kidnapped and, according to official figures, 158 policemen were shot down, some only because they happened to be wearing uniforms. These events, coupled with growing economic chaos, led to the military coup of March 24, 1976, which brought to power the present government headed by General Videla.

One Argentine expressed the universally held view here: "The coup was an absolute necessity and was backed by the entire Argentine people." Whether the methods used by the Videla regime to suppress terrorism and, later, to impose its own brand of ideological purity on Argentina were then foreseen is much less certain.

The immediate goal of Videla's junta was to wipe out the terrorists. In the absence of even a semblance of due process, it is impossible to say how many of those arrested, tortured and often killed were guilty, but within a few months after the coup, active terrorism had ceased, to reappear only sporadically at increasingly long intervals.

But the demise of guerrilla terrorism did not end the government terror. On the contrary, the security forces, once liberated from the constraints of law and morality, have applied these same methods to their perceived war against "ideological criminals." Among the first targets were the professions of psychiatry, psychology and psychoanalysis, considered fundamentally subversive. Journalists who have disobeyed Orwellian laws against inciting others to mistrust the government have perished; 53 are believed dead and almost as many more have disappeared. During a recent medical congress in Buenos Aires, visiting cancer researchers produced a list of 189 doctors and nurses who have been kidnapped and not heard from since. Anyone who ever had contact with a Peronist organization is now considered a fair target. Since Peron won 62 percent of the vote in his last election, a majority of the Argentine population is at least theoretically in danger, even though many of the present military leaders once considered themselves Peronists.

Half a million Argentines have left their country since the coup, most of them high-level professionals. Anyone involved in medicine, sociology, the social sciences or political activity or study is in great danger; many of those who foresaw their vulnerability fled to Madrid, Rome, Mexico and Caracas, where communities of highly-trained Argentine exiles have sprung up.

At the end of November, a telegram arrived for a brilliant young Argentine physicist named Daniel Bendersky, an employee of the Argentine Atomic Energy Commission, informing him that he had been accepted with a full scholarship for advanced study. But the news was no cause for rejoicing; on September 16, Bendersky was taken from his home by armed men and his family has been able to learn nothing of him since.

Last year, the Argentine ambassador to Venezuela, whom some thought of as a future civilian leader for Argentina, was called home to Buenos Aires for consultations. He was kidnapped off the street and has not been heard from since.

Last December, two French nuns met with a dozen mothers of disappeared people in a private home. The meeting was invaded by armed men in civilian clothes who took all present prisoner. Neither the nuns nor most of the mothers have been heard from since.

Within the group of mothers who have come together to protest the disappearances and to petition authorities for information has now emerged another coalition calling itself "Grandmothers of Prisoners." These are mothers of the estimated 1000 women who were kidnapped while pregnant, some of whom would now have children as old as two-and-one-half years. There is evidence that those children who survive prison birth are sold or given up for adoption anonymously. This policy has not prevented the Argentine government from supporting the UNICEF Christmas card campaign by plastering train stations with posters carrying the slogan "A future for every child."

The declared aim of the Videla regime is "a transition to a stable democracy in which the role of the armed forces will be guaranteed," a political process open to "all sectors except the subversive and the corrupt," a "union of all representative groups of citizens." Videla has referred obliquely to "the so sad reality" of contemporary Argentina, but when pressed on the subject of disappearances, he responds only that the supposed victims must actually have left the country without telling anyone. Economics Minister Martinez de Hoz, the most powerful civilian in the government, says that "we have used with the terrorists the same drastic methods that they used."

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The squads responsible for administering the present terror are drawn from regular internal police and from the military. These dreaded "combined forces" often work with contract hoodlums who do much of the kidnapping and who are paid by being allowed to pillage the homes of the victims.

During last March and April, in preparation for the World Cup series, the number of kidnappings was reduced, only to increase again immediately following the games. But apparently the number of kidnappings in 1978 is down to about three or four a week. A few prisoners have been released or allowed to leave the country lately. And a few months ago, 24 "disappeared" prisoners held at the supposedly nonexistent camps in the countryside turned up in an official jail at La Plata.

Among the mothers and other human rights activists here, the US government is considered a strong ally. The embassy in Buenos Aires receives and follows up complaints of disappearances, though without great success, and consular offices have been allowed to visit some of those held in officially acknowledged prisons.

Within the State Department itself, there are two distinct currents of thought on how to confront Argentina, which now receives no aid from the US. Ambassador Raul Castro, a former Arizona governor who worked in the Carter campaign, favors the "carrot" approach of offering new incentives to the Argentine government as it gradually improves conditions, reopening aid programs, and curbing public criticism of the regime. Some members of this faction believe that the domestic policies of the Argentine regime, no matter how harsh, are not really our business and that the US should not allow "the human rights tail to wag the foreign policy dog."

The other faction is personified by State Department human rights chief Patricia Derian, who is the most hated person in the world among Latin American dictators.

President Carter is left to mediate this difference of approach. He recently acceded to Ambassador Castro's request to lift a ban on a $280 million Export-Import Bank loan to Argentina for the purchase of electrical equipment from the Allis-Chalmers Corporation of Milwaukee.

There are also divisions within the Argentine regime. President Videla is perceived as a relative moderate and is known to have restrained some of his associates both in their desire to go to war with neighboring Chile over three desolate Antarctic islands claimed by both countries, and in their feeling that he has been too soft on subversives. Indeed, there are some generals who feel that Videla, by putting some groups of former politicians off limits for abduction, has lost an historic opportunity to wipe out forever all wrong-thinking Argentines—and thereby, in their view, so completely purge the nation of undesirable elements that democracy could return without the fear that it would be tainted by "subversives."

Videla seems to many Argentines to be in quite a weak position now, though his critics always focus on the disastrous economy rather than on other taboo subjects. Despite two years of conservative economic policies and considerable sacrifice, especially by lower- and middle-class Argentines, the economy shows no sign of improving. Real wages have tumbled. The world's worst inflation continues at about 170 percent annually; prices rise literally daily. An Argentine who bought a car for 30,000 pesos five years ago spent more than that last month for two tickets to a concert. The situation is better than it was during the last days of Isabel Peron's regime, when inflation reached an annual rate of 17,000 percent, but with no improvement in sight—today a railroad conductor with 20 years' seniority makes 25 dollars a week—many Argentines are dissatisfied.

Various officers and even some civilians are already jockeying for position in a post-Videla junta. Any new military leaders probably would unleash domestic repression even more extensive than what exists today.

The Spanish-language press here is quite timid in reporting daily events, its editors explaining that their readers are "not interested" in hearing about disappearance and torture. This posture is understandable, considering how many journalists have met unknown fates at the hands of the government. One leading journalist whose fate is known is Jacobo Timmerman, founder of the daily *La Opinion*, which he modeled after *Le Monde*. Timmerman has been under arrest for 18 months after being tortured and forced to sign a petition that he was a "left-wing Zionist," indicating that anti-Semitism may be a factor in his case.

Academic and cultural life in general have been devastated in Argentina. Totally innocuous books and artists are banned, the "new math" is suspect as "Marxist" because it allegedly emphasizes relativity over absolutes, and discussion in social science and humanities courses is necessarily sterile. Because of the poverty overcoming the lower classes, the primary school dropout rate is now 50 percent—something previously unheard of in Argentina. The Videla regime has succeeded in emasculating society, while liberating and encouraging the most base forces within it.

But casual tourists who come to Argentina will never notice that anything is amiss. Driving through Buenos Aires with a native can be a revelation, because only natives can point out the unmarked police cars and plainclothes officers on streetcorners. And yet even for most Argentines, life is almost as normal as it seems to visitors. Just as many of them preferred to ignore the terrorism of a few years ago, many now argue against all reason that such things as kidnapping and torture do not happen in Argentina today. Even the great Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges rejoices that his country is now run by "officers and gentlemen."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Structures, Within and Without

Games People Play might have been another title for *The Deer Hunter* (Universal). The film was written by Deric Washburn (from a story by himself, the director Michael Cimino, Louis Garfinkle, and Quinn K. Redeker), and the stepping stones of his very long script are rituals—in normal and abnormal life, in peace and war. If the theme is decipherable, it's that protocols, even the silly or the vicious ones, give design to life, confining perhaps but reliable. Washburn centers on a Russian-American community in a Pennsylvania mill town, presumably because their dense heritage provides solid examples of ritual. One key ritual, a Russian Orthodox wedding, is the core of the opening section. Both the ceremony and the following celebration tell us a good deal about organization and hierarchy. At the drunken dance after the wedding, a man's girl dances with another man who gropes her behind without her protest. The first man intervenes and clouts the *girl* on the jaw.

The next set of rituals is a deer hunt right after the wedding, the last hunt for three men in the party before they go off to the Vietnam war. (Urban dwellers don't realize how important hunting is to men in small towns and out in the country. One winter when I was a boy, I went on a two-day bear hunt with some farmers, and it was like a religious retreat, only with booze.) Again the ritual is explored both for its centrality—skill and enterprise—and for its periphery: a confrontation between two of the men over a pair of boots because the trappings of the ritual are part of the respect paid the ritual itself.

Then we cut to Vietnam and the capture of our three principals by the Viet Cong. There they are subjected to Russian roulette, made to place against their temples a revolver loaded with only one bullet and pull the trigger. This ritual becomes a test of hyper-*macho* courage: pulling the trigger not so much out of fearlessness as out of contempt for the people who are forcing you to play the game. Escape is maneuvered at last; but one of the three goes AWOL in Saigon.

The two others get back to Pennsylvania, one of them without legs. The unhurt man goes off on another deer hunt, but his experience has altered his relation to this ritual: a buck offers him a perfect shot, and the hunter declines. Then he goes back to Saigon, just as the US is evacuating, to rescue the missing buddy. (This is where the relatively realistic script flops into Movieland.) In the midst of all the panic, he finds his friend in a gambling hideout, drugged to the gills, playing Russian roulette for high stakes and—finally—losing.

There are two concluding rituals: the dead man's funeral back in his home-town church and another peripheral one, an impromptu mourning party in the bar that one of the hunting friends owns. Sitting around the table with their women, they leak slowly into a choric rendition of "God Bless America." I don't think the film's intention here is ironic: they are all patriots, and they look on what they have undergone without bitterness, as part of the price of being American. The soppy song is a secular ritual of affirmation.

But my synopsis is, alas, more cogent than the film. The script doesn't crystallize materials so clearly, doesn't develop and "track" characters organically, and takes much too long—over three hours—to *not* do these things. Retrospectively, one can discern the attempt to build a structure of male rituals, to dramatize the role and status of men in contemporary America, a drama heightened by the fact that these particular men are still bonding in a European heritage. But experientially the picture drags, from one detailed examination to another, without cumulation: moving from intensity to incredibility to protracted finish.

Perhaps the film was lamed in editing, which is suggested by occasional bumps and uneasiness in the joins. But there's small point in speculating that if the picture were longer, it would seem shorter. This paradox is possible, of course, but all we can judge by is what we're shown.

And what we are shown is, in another paradox, exceptionally well made most of the time. I know the director, Cimino, only as co-author of a couple of scripts: *Silent Running* (with Deric Washburn) and a Clint Eastwood picture. Cimino's work here is intelligently selective, shot by shot, with a true filmmaker's instinct for the right view of a given moment. His style is very much against heavy cross-cutting within a sequence: he likes to course, to move his camera within a sustained shot, picking up necessary elements serially, changing direction to follow a character's movement—a style that has antecedents in such directors as Ophuls and Kurosawa and Jancsó. What Cimino needs is the ability to "keep the picture in his head," to be as clear about the whole organism at every moment as he is about the moment.

He already shows considerable ability with actors. Robert De Niro has a three-part role, three in one. He is one man before the war, another during the war, and the first man somewhat altered afterward. All are vivid, though Numbers One and Three (in an unappealing beard) make relatively small

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. The buried past explodes a mother-daughter reunion. Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Ingmar Bergman. Stunning.

Girlfriends. Some truth about young New York women. Claudia Weill's first feature—with, I hope, many more to come.

Heaven Can Wait. Tolerable remake of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* Warren Beatty, this time as Mr. Clean.

The Wiz. Well, what do you want from a $35 million musical? Ignore Diana Ross and soak.

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demands on him. The middle role, brimful of manic energy, is electric. It's not De Niro's fault, nor Cimino's (as director, anyway) that the role has not been developed in depth throughout. John Savage, who was impressive on Broadway last year in David Mamet's *American Buffalo*, is impressive again as the softest of the principal trio. Savage doesn't so far show any "graspable" persona under his acting, any unique and individual personality to stamp him on our minds. Maybe a greater range of roles will reveal some richness. But he is certainly a good actor.

Christopher Walken, the third of the principals, has been hovering on the edge of something tremendous for a dozen years. The best work of his that I've seen has been in the theater, in Camus's *Caligula* and Strindberg's *Miss Julie*. Film has had difficulty in accommodating him. His best screen part before *The Deer Hunter* was the gigolo in *Roseland*. Here, as a mild man who in war gets frightened into a bravado that is not natural to him and that, after he deserts, he sustains with drugs, Walken is excellent. It's not (to use the cant phrase) a face that the camera loves. Walken has to be photographed carefully and, for the most part, the cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond has done it. Walken is going to continue to be troublesome in films, as actor and as "face," but he is worth the trouble. He's so unusual, so talented, so widely ranging in fire and subtlety that he is both a challenge and an asset to film. The closest parallel I can think of is that wonderful Swedish actor Per Oscarsson (remember *Hunger?*) whom Walken resembles slightly. I hope that Walken will continue to combine stage and film careers and that film will find ways to use more of what he has already shown in the theater.

The Deer Hunter does exactly that with Meryl Streep. She too has an unconventional face and a big talent, both of which were poorly displayed in a small role in *Julia*. I've seen her many times in the theater, beginning with her student days, and have happily watched her develop—her voice, especially—until now she is one of the best young actresses in the country. Here she looks beautiful, uniquely so: Zsigmond does better with her Degas-Manet face than with Walken. Her performance has the stamp of confidence: in her actor's imagination and in her ability to realize it completely for us. She plays a commonplace girl entirely credibly and, at the same time, makes her archetypal.

The music by Stanley Myers is sometimes laid on heavily—heavy quotations of folk-dance music when the men are out hunting to remind us what they come from—but it's an evocative score as such. So many of the elements are so good that it all adds up to a pity. Someone, or more than one—writer or producers or director or editor or all—fogged up about why this picture was being made and whether it was on the rails. Once more Eliot applies, paraphrased: between the idea and the reality fell the shadow.

New Opera Recordings

Hire Mozart instead, Haydn urged the Prague opera director who had offered him a commission. His own operas, he wrote, were specifically created for conditions, circumstances and tastes peculiar to the court of his patron, Prince Esterházy. Whether or not these operas have indeed only a limited appeal is now being systematically tested by Philips and the conductor they have assigned to the task, the irrepressible Haydnian Antal Dorati. To date five of the six Esterházy operas have been released. The two most recent: *Il Mondo della luna* (6769 003, four disks) and *L'Isola disabitata* (6700 119, two disks). A recording of *Armida* will conclude the series.

If 18th-century science seemed to open limitless vistas of human progress, it also produced a series of fantastic charlatans who served up material to the comic authors of the day. The libretto of Haydn's *Il Mondo della luna* exploits effectively the newly available themes of vaudevillian pseudoscience: a fast-talking quack astronomer takes a wealthy fool on a transparently phony ride to a backyard moon. Impressed, our fool relinquishes his daughters and fat dowries to the jolly fraud and his students. Some of the music is unremarkable, but much of it is worth hearing, especially the lively concerted numbers and the finales, where we find the supposedly untheatrical Haydn at the top of his form. For those unmoved by the quality of the music, Philips offers a seductive back-up reason for buying the set: the performance is extremely good. Luigi Alva takes the part of the bogus astronomer. The gullible father is splendidly played by the baritone Domenico Trimarchi, a veteran performer in this series. The roles of the three temperamentally contrasted daughters are sung by Arleen Augér, Edith Mathis, and the reliably magnificent Frederica von Stade.

L'Isola disabitata was probably not a favorite at Esterháza, for it was performed there on only two occasions. But Haydn seems to have esteemed his short chamber opera greatly. The usually modest composer remarked that neither Paris nor Vienna had heard anything that could equal it. The intrigue of the Metastasio libretto is very simple: a pair of sisters is rescued from a desert island by a long-lost husband and his friend. A nature-culture debate between the sisters enlivens matters briefly, but the dominant tone of the opera's music is pleasantly languid. Although this is certainly the most static of the Esterháza operas, it is the most carefully composed. Historically the work is of importance because all of its recitatives have orchestral rather than harpsichord accompaniment. Of particular interest is the curious final scene in which there are successive solo parts for violin, flute, cello, and bassoon, each of which is used to symbolize one of the opera's principals. Again, the performers are fully adequate to the music. The two sisters are Norma Lerer and Linda Zoghby. Luigi Alva and Renato Bruson are the rescuers. Dorati conducts the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne that is heard throughout the series.

Mozart's first and last essays in the *opera seria* form have been recently recorded. Over the past few years BASF has been making disks of Salzburg Mozarteum performances of early Mozart operas. DG has now taken over this valuable project and has issued as its first release in the series *Mitridate, Re di Ponto* (2711 021, four disks), written by the 14-year-old Mozart for the Reggio

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Ducal Teatro in Milan. This was one of Mozart's first great successes. In the course of the initial run, 20 performances were given to packed houses. There is some dullness in the score because of the monotonous predominance of high voices, and the high density of showboat numbers that Mozart was pressured by tradition and singers to include. But the recording is of far more than "documentary" interest, for the opera includes a number of excellent arias, some of which have a surprising degree of emotional intensity. The female performers, Arleen Augér, Edith Gruberova, Agnes Baltsa, and especially Ileana Cotrubas, are excellent. The tenors are Werner Hollweg and the American David Kübler. Conductor Leopold Hager is an experienced and sensitive Mozartean. To those yet unfamiliar with the operatic production of the teenage Mozart I would also recommend a hearing of the Philips recording of *La Finta Giardiniera* (6703 039, three disks), an astonishing product of the composer's 19th year.

The stock of Mozart's last opera is on the rise, but for almost a century and a half critics refused to confront *La Clemenza di Tito* on its own terms. Complaints have largely centered on the issues of the composer's supposed "regression" to the rigid conventions of the *opera seria*, and on a dislike for the story of the clemency of a benevolent despot. The sturdy Roman characters were found to be insufferably stiff and overgeneralized. Their romantic aesthetics led *Tito*'s critics to be depressed by the opera's heavy dose of praetors, lictors, and obelisks, and to be disappointed not to find here the variety of mood, incident, and character that had pleased them in Mozart's other late operas. The characters in the refurbished Metastasio libretto are closely modeled on those in Corneille and Racine, and it is largely to a lack of awareness of the ideals and devices of French classical tragedy that we can attribute the insensitivity of Mozart's critics. Stendhal, who *was* close to this tradition, had no trouble with the opera. He ranked it with *Don Giovanni*, and wrote of the last scene: "The situation is calculated to bring tears to the eyes of most rhinocerous-hided of tax-collectors." His contemporaries apparently agreed, for until 1830 it was the second most popular of Mozart's operas. From the point of view of *Don Giovanni* or *Figaro*, and from that of romantic taste, *La Clemenza di Tito* may seem to represent a step backward. But in the perspective of the first performance year of 1791 Mozart had placed himself squarely in the vanguard of a new European wave of neoclassicism.

The Philips recording (6703 079, three disks) is a byproduct of a Covent Garden production that was new in 1974 and has been revived since. Many of the principals involved in the recording are veterans of these performances. Overall, Colin Davis's conducting is excellent, although as usual, he is somewhat less successful with Mozart's tender moments than he is with the grander, more public numbers. Stuart Burrows's Titus is nobly declaimed. He makes his character's indulgence seem to derive from strength rather than weakness. As the conspirator Sextus, Yvonne Minton sings well and artfully covers her natural tones with virile accents to make her part believable. Dame Janet Baker is excellent in the dramatically complicated role of Vitellia, the spurned lover turned would-be regicide. This character, modeled on the Hermione in Racine's *Andromaque*, serves particularly well to put the lie to the charge that the opera is stocked with cardboard characters. The sound, while adequate, is somewhat below the peerless quality one routinely expects of Philips.

Politics had a clear role in the initial success of Verdi's *Nabucco*. In the Act III "aria for chorus," "Va, pensiero," the exiled Hebrews disconsolately voice their nostalgia for their lost homeland. The opera became an enormous hit, not incidentally because the Austrian-ruled Italians immediately recognized themselves in the problematical position of Verdi's Hebrews. The music itself reeked of politics; in *Nabucco* the audience heard a new, urgent, and committed sound that history had readied them to embrace. Today some of this music may sound comically blunt and innocuously naive, but in 1842 it must have seemed a very strong dose indeed. The presence of a political component in the work's success is perhaps confirmed by the fact that the opera, although immensely popular until 1861, vanished from the theaters after Italy had become a free and united country.

Echoes of this original meaning are heard when the work is adequately performed. On a new Angel recording (SCLX 3850, three disks) Riccardo Muti conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus *con gioia feroce*, avoiding the trap of prettifying the score and robbing it of its specific character. Verdi insisted that the tempi should not be too broad. "They should all move," he wrote. On occasion Muti's direction seems a bit overwrought, but more often the impression is that he is justly bringing to the fore the fractious and unequivocal accents that distinguished the young Verdi from his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. The opera's title role is well, if not ideally, taken by Matteo Manuguerra. Angel's assignment of female parts is simultaneously troubled by under and overcasting. While the scalding blasts, spite and fury of the Jew-hating Abigaille lie well outside the vocal and emotional ranges of Renata Scotto, the imperious tones of the Russian mezzo Elena Obraztsova are quite out of place in the part of the unobtrusive Fenena. As Zaccaria, High Priest of the Jews, Nicolai Ghiaurov is only adequate; the once fine timbre of his voice is now somewhat impaired.

London's major fall offering is the most serviceable of stereo *Otellos* (OSA 13130, three disks). Sir Georg Solti conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Choir Boys, who make analgesic sounds in their brief second act appearance. The recording resembles the Toscanini version in desirable ways. Solti's tempi are also on the quick side. Although the conducting is generally taut and propulsive, Solti also knows how to vary the mood, relaxing the VPO strings to great effect when necessary. Carlo Cossutta's direct and unfussy Otello is close to Toscanini's Vinay. Both tenors produce their top notes freely and have that baritonal center of gravity from which an Otello draws an important measure of his authority. John Vickers is considered the reference Otello of the day, but I feel that, on records at least, Cossutta does a better job of it. In some ways the comparison is impertinent, for Vickers sings much of the music more beautifully, and is a far more absorbing actor. But Vickers has a

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mannerism that interferes: he settles into notes rather than attacking them head-on, thus giving too much of his singing a haunted, morbidly deliberate sound. This makes of his Peter Grimes a providential musical event, but blemishes a characterization of the decisive and hot-headed Moor. Margaret Price is an under-recorded singer one is more apt to associate with Mozart than Verdi. A more idiomatic Desdemona could be hoped for, but not one that is better sung. Although Gabriel Bacquier elides some of the difficulties in Iago's music and on occasion makes some rough sounds, he offers, on the dramatic level, a profusion of compensations. One minor quibble: London's sound effects, clinking glasses, thunderclaps, etc., are not always felicitous. Such interventions constitute an unwarranted criticism of the expressive resources of Verdi's score.

Similarly it can be said that Strauss's *Salome* music contains a carefully judged measure of horror and sleaze that need not be excessively underscored by conductor or singers. A proper understanding of this crucial point is on display in a new Angel recording (SBLX-3848, two disks) made by Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic in conjunction with last year's Salzburg Festival performances.

This is von Karajan's first Strauss opera in many years—a fact that is to be regretted, for he has an incomparable nose for this material. His brilliant conducting of this corrupt score issues in an authentically unhealthy experience. The title role is taken by Hildegard Behrens, newly familiar to New York audiences after a series of *Fidelios* with Böhm. The music is gloriously sung, and the transition the character makes from velleity to violence, from naive curiosity to a heroically scaled perversion, is magnificently brought off. Other members of the thoughtful and vocally excellent cast include Jose van Dam, Agnes Baltsa, Karl-Walter Böhm, and Wieslaw Ochman. An additional bit of good news arrives with the set: Angel's ancient quality-control problem is now perhaps solved. The copy I received was completely free of surface defects.

Douglas Collins

Douglas Collins teaches French at the University of Missouri.

The Novelists

Günter Grass

Now 50 years old ("but younger than I was at 40," he teases), Günter Grass sits down for the interview at his ease, expansive, ready to laugh. We speak in English, which slightly inhibits his famous exuberant turn of phrase. At perhaps 5′ 9″, Grass is dressed in an open-collared sports shirt and unbuttoned jacket. His skin is tobacco-colored and the heavy lids of his dark Tartar eyes sag to one side like a tangled venetian blind. We begin discussing his work habits.

Gwen Kinkead: *Do you still write standing before a high desk?*

Günter Grass: Yes, you see I started as a sculptor and always worked standing. I pace too, speaking each sentence aloud. Once I figured out that when I write five hours daily, I walk about 10 kilometers. I write in Berlin and in my country house near north Hamburg. One week a month I live in Berlin, which is a very important place for me. But when I need concentration I go to the country.

How did The Flounder *evolve?* [*For a review of* The Flounder, *see page 32.*] *Were the fish and the women's tribunal later additions?*

My first idea was to write about the evolution of food. From there the women cooks came immediately. Then I saw the problem between men and women. That led me to the fairy tale. The first manuscript, which took a year, contains all this. But the proportions changed in the second and third drafts. Some of the many little chapters grew together. I'd begun with some poetry, some etchings and some prose. The book grew from all sides, very differently from other books which I wrote chronologically. In *The Diary of a Snail* I mention I'd like next to write about food. I was so involved in politics at the time and was tired out by its second-hand language. I needed to write an epic, to try out everything and work with first-hand language, from dialect up to High German, Baroque and Romantic speech. I did this in *Der Butte*, moving between nine centuries.

Could you explain what the flounder symbolizes?

I don't like the word symbolize. The fish speaks sometimes like God, sometimes in a philosophical way like the Hegel invention of the spirit of history. He is also the devil. He's everything—what people like to think he is. Symbols are static. We always say 'reality' is what we see, but I think that is fantasy. Our dreams are our realities. We have a curtain suspended between 'real' things and our dreams and wishes. I have pulled away this curtain and mixed them up. You never really know what kind of reality it is.

The German feminist magazine Emma *elected you "Pasha of the Month" after* Der Butte*'s publication, yet the book predicts future history will be shaped by women. How could this be?*

I'm not a pasha at all. *Der Butte* is my

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devotion to all women. Not in the way *Emma* wants. I'm against the kind of feminism which tries to change women to react like men, to come to power and use power like men. Women can drive tractors, sure, why not? That isn't the question. We need change. I'm not sure a history shaped by women will be better; we have had few precedents. Our philosophy, for instance, is written by men, from Socrates up. When these feminists get power, they'll use it like men. We have had enough stupid men. And now we have stupid women using power the way stupid men have for centuries.

Why then do your women characters never get out of the kitchen?

Many feminists are upper or middle class women who don't consider housewives and their problems, but instead blame women for being housewives. That's criminal. Many housewives like it: it's a marvelous profession, for men too. I do it. It's far more interesting than to sit as a clerk in an office eight hours a day.

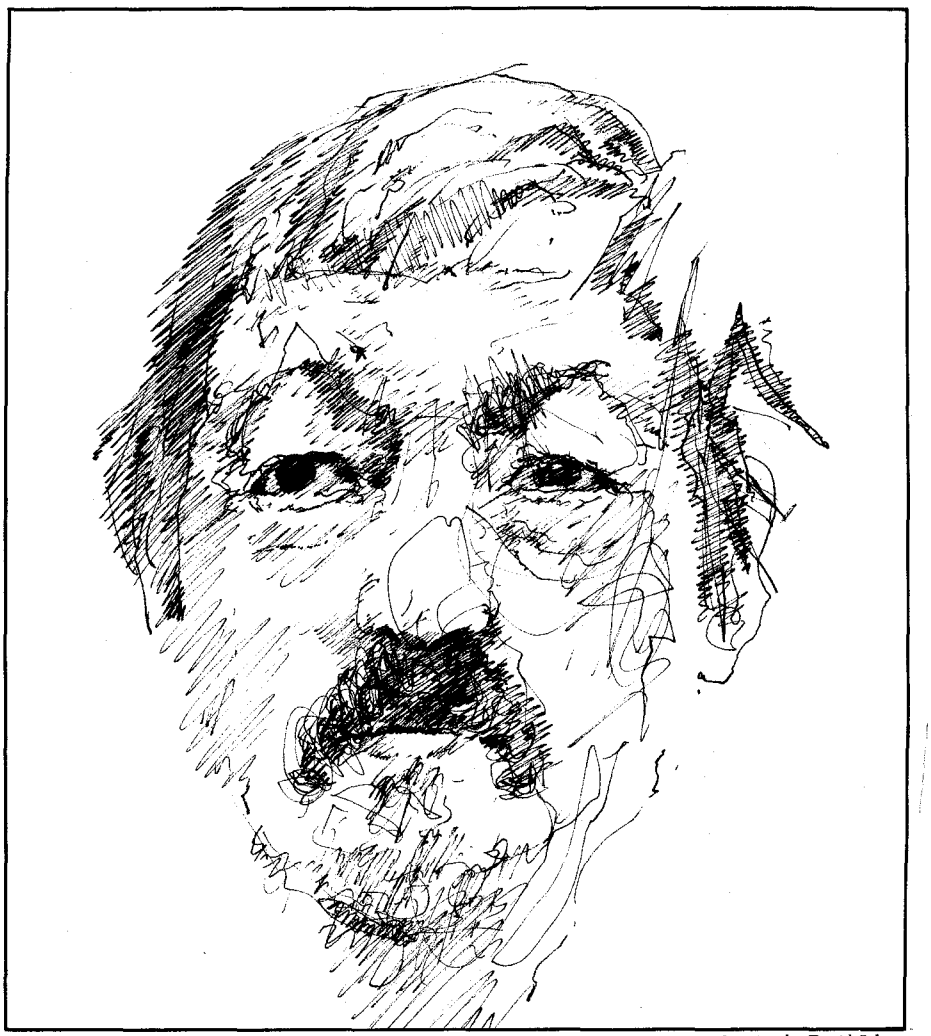
How does Der Butte *depart from your other novels in technique or concerns?*

In its epic construction, its use of time, and its utopian character. It's a utopian novel in the way I look toward the future and back at the past. Utopian thinking comes not only from our present and future: we also have material for our utopias in the past. Heaven is a utopia. Paradise also. In all our social schemes and understandings we're always trying to regain the lost paradise.

I could never have written *The Flounder* before *The Tin Drum*. Growing up in Nazi Germany, I had first to write about that experience to make myself clear about it. Germans regarded Nazis as demons who suddenly appeared, springing up from the earth. They'd talk in metaphors about 'our darkness in Germany.' But everything happened in daylight! I tried to put away the mystical notions about fascism and Nazism, to show how our great middle class was prepared to be the basis of fascism. I've got the freedom now, having written *The Tin Drum, Cat and Mouse* and *Dog Years* to open my mind to subjects not so limited by this period in modern history.

Why did fascism sweep Germany?

You forget fascism began in Italy under Mussolini in 1920 when he was a radical socialist. Then Mussolini turned fascist like terrorists today. The Bader-Meinhof group, like Mussolini, began in the left wing, but they're too impatient to wait for change, to work for little changes. They cry out "revolution!" but the masses don't follow. Then they say the masses are stupid. They call themselves an elite, the vanguard of revolution, and propose to take the first steps. This is the beginning of fascism. One man's life means nothing to them. They kill and think nothing of it.



Günter Grass drawing by David Schorr

But many terrorists today spring from the middle class.

You have this here too. I'm sure the danger of left-wing fascism is greater in the United States than in Germany. Before World War II, Germany's and Italy's left-wing parties didn't take care of the middle class. They addressed only the proletariat. The Nazis came to power by using the dreams of the middle class. They gave them something like food and love in nationalism and racism. All in a time of economic crisis and inflation. In the US, you've had prolonged economic crisis. If you don't take care of your middle class, they'll run to the right. We're very careful of economic crisis, because we've learned what can happen. But we also have what you don't—a good working social system which protects old people and the unemployed.

Do you worry about the effect terrorists have had on the German middle class?

People speak of hanging the terrorists. It's a hysterical overreaction about security. People are so afraid of this small terrorist group that they do their job for them. Liberal rights were curtailed, young people's activities watched. Now we're drifting in the opposite direction as we see this only creates a new bureaucracy. One terrible result of the hysteria is that young people have been pushed to opportunism. We've overreacted partly because in one century we lost two wars, had our economic system demolished twice and twice people lost all their money.

You've often warned against the younger generation's sense of futility about social change. Do you see the same confusion here?

Sure, it's everywhere. Europeans can find no new alternatives in the present, so they look to our cultural past, take a new interest in books and music. That's harder to do in America because your

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history is short and some of it is covered in romantic stories and lies. You're told that the Civil War wasn't a horrible war but an event that created a nation. That's a lie. The American ideology always to be happy and solve every problem . . . your country must be afraid to live with sadness about loss, about terrible things done in the name of the US. Why is no one discussing Vietnam anymore? The danger is you will lose this war a second time—once militarily, then psychologically. After a lost war, you have a chance to win it again in another way if you have courage enough to be sad about it, to be pushed by it, and not to hide it after a short while. Germany after World War II wanted to forget too. But whenever the wound tried to close, the writers opened it—too early to forget, we said. From Henrich Böll, who is 10 years older then me, up to Handke, we spoke out. After the first World War in America, this also occurred and is one reason you had great writers then, like Faulkner, Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe and Dos Passos. Today you have some interesting, intelligent authors but you've more a party literature. You've interesting books but no literature. For this you need not to forget, to face the past. Americans I've met on this visit seem only kind and moderated: no one speaks out.

What is the chief problem Germany faces today?
The third world, which isn't Germany's problem alone. We've never had so many possibilities in nutrition, yet half the world's population is malnourished. To manage to feed everyone we have to change our economic systems and open our markets to the third world. Now we buy their raw materials for little money, convert them to televisions or refrigerators, and sell them back very expensively. We are able to build televisions that last 40 years, but we don't because our production systems are geared to waste. Meanwhile our resources run out.

Wouldn't new political systems require capitalism's destruction?
Also of socialism. Both believe in ever-larger growth. They're twin brothers, born out of the Enlightenment. They were both ideas of progress but now we need to reform them.

Is detente possible or likely?
It's necessary, but I'm skeptical about it and I think for some things it is already too late. We can only have detente if we change our economic systems and are willing to put 500,000 Western people out of work when weapon production is stopped.

Too late, do you mean, for human rights?
It's very easy for us in the West with our liberal governments to talk about human rights. I'd like the Jews in Russia to be able to do what they want, but the problem of Indonesians or Indians is to feed their family. This is also a human right.

Will you campaign for Chancellor Schmidt in the next election as you did for Brandt in 1969?
That depends. If Franz Josef Strauss, leader of the Christian Social Union, opens his party all over Germany, this will be very dangerous. Then I will campaign again. Strauss is really dangerous. He's in love with power. He didn't learn from history. I'd never say he's a fascist. But for him democracy is only formal. He wants it but also a strong state.

As citizen Grass or writer Grass do you feel a duty to 'guard and bar the path back to Hell,' as John Updike once wrote of you? To prevent a relapse into fascism?
Yes. I don't want us to make the same mistake twice. We learnt our lesson. Also, personally, I don't like pain. I'm afraid to go to the dentist, and I don't like systems where they try to prove how much pain an author can stand. To defend myself too, then, I speak out.

You have said that 'writing had become rather more difficult' once you'd finished The Tin Drum *and become famous. Is that true now?*
Fame is only boring. I forget about it. I'm very glad to be successful; I don't create a problem out of it. But for children perhaps it's quite difficult to live with a famous father. And for my first wife too. Ever since I was 10, I wanted to become an artist. In this sense, I'm very egocentric. I have to do this. It comes first in my life. People who live with me have to accept this.

Fame, then, didn't complicate writing?
Yes, people expect more.

In an essay you said you wrote The Tin Drum *not because of 'any creative certainty or higher mission,' but from a 'megalomania.' What keeps you writing today?*
When I began *The Tin Drum*, I thought I'd show the petit-bourgeois, my own background, what they did. Perhaps it was somewhat proud and childish to think I knew something about them that

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they didn't. It's different now: I write now to express myself about things that disturb me, that make me anxious about myself and human beings altogether; future questions, stupid lies we are living from the past. For me being creative is as necessary as going to the toilet. You know, after *Dog Years*, I got into a panic. I thought, 'you haven't lived life. You work like an instrument.' I tried to live, but it was catastrophic. After six months, I went back to my work, and it was much better.

Do you agree with critics that you are a comic author?

The best expression in my view of the comic spirit is to write from despair. My own background is despair. Most people run to an analyst the moment they feel sad. Never go to an analyst. They take away your sorrow and charge you for that. People say I have a mother complex. It's true. I have a marvelous mother complex. I allow no one to take it away. My headstone will read, 'Here lies Günter Grass and his mother complex.'

Gwen Kinkead

Gwen Kinkead, a New York writer, is the winner of the 1977 American Bar Association Gavel Award for reporting on the law.

Books Considered

Democracy and the Novel: Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers by Henry Nash Smith

(Oxford University Press; $13.95)

In this new foray into American cultural history by the author of the exemplary *Virgin Land*, Henry Nash Smith proposes to explore a series of American fictional masterpieces in the context of the social processes and popular taste of their time. There is something old-fashioned about the book, just as there is something old-worldly about the author's style of discourse—his unfailingly good (and charming) intellectual manners. Professor Smith is an unreconstructed humanist; and at a moment when much of the critical talk about American literature is getting as far away from humanism as it can manage. Cultural environment counts for nothing in the newest critical talk; texts are purified of association with external reality to a degree that would have left the *old* New Criticism dizzy; and novels and poems are seen as concerned largely with the internal convulsions attendant upon their own begetting. The result, to say the least, has been uncanny.

Not that Professor Smith, a canny hand if ever there was one, is entirely averse to some of the current critical proceedings. He can decode a text and point to rhetorical modulations and blurrings with the best of his younger fellows, and can observe with an air of tolerance instances of a novelist trying to hoodwink his reader or battling covertly with some intransigent aspect of himself. He is conversant with the most "sophisticated" recent scholarship and criticism and can bring it aptly to bear, though without feeling the need, which one senses elsewhere, to belittle or forget the contributions of an older day by F.O. Matthiessen, Constance Rourke and others. If *Democracy and the Novel* is in some sense old-fashioned, it is in no sense outdated. It seeks at every turn to build bridges between the literary-critical past and the literary-critical present: a profoundly humanistic endeavor.

Since Professor Smith, in his quiet, graceful way, delivers suggestive ideas at the rate of about one per sentence, it is not easy to do any sort of justice to the book, short as it is (some 160 pages). It might be helpful, as a beginning, to modify or reverse the subtitle: "Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers." For one thing, hardly more than a quibble, only two of Professor Smith's authors, Hawthorne and Melville, are "classic" in the customary meaning of the term, which, deriving from D.H. Lawrence's *Studies*, refers to American literature before the Civil War. His other novelists—Henry Ward Beecher (who is included for contrast, almost for parody), W.D. Howells, Mark Twain and Henry James—belong to a later and a different literary age. To chart a path from the classical to the post-war figures is exactly Professor Smith's intention.

At the same time, the subtitle appears to have things wrong way round. In the case of Hawthorne and even more of Henry James, Professor Smith does offer disheartening evidence of popular resistance to their work. Hawthorne skewed the relation between the external world and the perceiving mind; the world, hitherto thought to be instantly and easily knowable, thereupon grew unsteady and mysterious under the brooding, symbolizing eye of guilt-ridden observers like Reuben Bourne and Hester Prynne. For this, one reviewer categorized *The Scarlet Letter* as "mentally diseased." Another expressed a well-grounded alarm at Hawthorne's "awful probing into the most forbidden regions of human consciousness." An English novelist, Margaret Oliphant, berated Hawthorne for snobbishly addressing himself to the intellectual few rather than to "the common people."

Professor Smith's survey of the unending flow of hostile reviews that greeted Henry James's novels over a quarter of a century is a cautionary tale. In almost perfect innocence of what James was up to, reviewers denounced book after book as cold, excessively analytical and even, astonishingly, slipshod and slovenly. James "analyses too much," said a reviewer of *Washington Square* in 1881; and *The Portrait of a Lady* was thought to be "a cruel book in its dissection of character and exposure of the nerves and sinews of human actions." Reviewing rhetoric grew yet more garbled and anxious with the awareness that James was highly regarded in certain narrow, elitist circles. One comment on *The Bostonians* wound its way through ponderous metaphors to conclude that "Mr. James may nowadays be looked upon as the head of a certain college of savants, a man delighting in writing what to the majority of flesh-and-blood men and women has no excuse for being so praised. . . . This long, prosy, carefully written book was not worth writing and is unreadable." When H.G. Wells in 1914 declared that James reminded him of a

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hippopotamus trying to pick up a pea and that his narratives were "tales of nothingness," he was merely saying with a more practiced and professional snidery what American reviewers had been saying for many years. Only an "obstinate finality," as James allowed himself to be, could have withstood and (such are the strategems of the creative impulse) even battened on such critical adversity.

Even so, what Professor Smith is really telling us about more often than not is the resistance of American *writers* to their cultural setting—to the popular taste, the currents of belief and sometimes the institutions of their age. That resistance took the form of a succession of fictional modes; successive attempts, by the resources of fiction, to combat or outflank the attitudes and assumptions of the American book-reading public. The long twisty effort—and this is the heart of Professor Smith's story—produced the romance-novel of Hawthorne and Melville; then the realistic fiction of Howells and others; Mark Twain's vernacular "lowbrow" stories; and James's achievements in what might be called semi-modernism.

The cultural enemy was the post-Calvinist American ideology, something compounded of prudery and money-grubbing, a watered-down religiosity, and a vague optimism about progress and the American destiny. I am here oversimplifying Professor Smith's somewhat oversimplified account of the American cast of mind from the 1850s onward. The national temper was not always or wholly undisturbed; in the 1880s, for example, segments of upper-middle-class American society suffered notable attacks of the jitters, due partly to a felt sagging of genuine religious faith, and a sense that "modern" America was getting quite out of hand. But what the majority of Americans *believed* they believed in were in fact technological advance, liberal Christianity, virtue of character and happy endings. The literary embodiment of this jumbled doctrine was the sentimental novel, which made its first important appearance in 1850 with Susan Warner's *The Wide, Wide World*. *The Scarlet Letter* came out the same year and *Moby Dick* a year later; but the moment for recognition and acceptance of the romance-form had already passed, and its extraordinary possibilities would not be explored again until the epoch of William Faulkner.

The Scarlet Letter sold 5,000 copies in six months, but Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter* in 1854 sold 40,000 copies in eight weeks; and by that time *The Wide, Wide World* was on its way to an eventual sale of more than half a million. No wonder that Hawthorne, who made his living by his pen, spoke wincingly of the "d--d mob of scribbling women." Anyone who thinks that the publishing industry has only in our time, and as it were suddenly, become a greedy and calculated affair should read these pages of Henry Nash Smith, and the scholarship that lies behind them. Almost every trick of the publishing trade, every lure to bigger and bigger readership, had been established before the Civil War was over. What is new today is not greed and pliable popular taste, but rather the huge publishing conglomerates, the refusal of certain publishers and bookstores to take on any serious but predictably low-selling work of fiction (prediction, in such cases, being about as accurate as that of the weather bureau), and the slick tailoring of paperback originals for the mass market.

But perhaps that latter development is not altogether new either. Witness Professor Smith's chapter on Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood*, a novel of 1867 written by invitation, and written to measure, for the New York *Ledger*. The paper, which paid Beecher $30,000 for the serial, had a circulation of 300,000; and Beecher, the most popular preacher in the country's history and one of the most esteemed men of his generation (Whittier kept a portrait of Beecher in his study), could be counted on to provide a preachy novel which would swell the sales even more. Professor Smith is to be admired for sticking to the end with this package of sententious rubbish: the fine young man afflicted by religious doubt; the tender young woman from whom he is separated through a misunderstanding; and the trio of male conversationalists who swap garrulous sermons on morality and religion. "Genteel" is scarcely the word for it all. Most reviewers, as a matter of fact, remained cool toward *Norwood*; but Beecher had taken expert bead on popular longings, and the novel made an enormous splash.

It was a troublesome time for writers of more grasping literary intentions. Mark Twain, by a crafty maneuver, bypassed the middlebrow, or *Norwood*-loving, audience completely; he gave his work to a firm that peddled its wares by house-to-house and farm-to-farm canvassing in outlying districts across the nation. To hang on to this vast and generally unlettered new readership, Twain perfected the vernacular style he had inherited from southwestern humorous writing; the most famous and influential idiom in American literary history was thus, to a thought-provoking extent, an accident of the marketplace. Henry James deployed the opposite tactic: he fictionalized the sentimentalists by making them a satirical element in his subject-matter; in one of his most wryly delightful tales, "The Next Time" of 1895, James traced the gallant effort of a gifted novelist to write a book so bad, so vulgar, that it will make his fortune. He fails in the effort, the narrator says, because "You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse."

These and others of Professor Smith's findings are eminently worth the mulling, but I want to linger a bit over the chapter on William Dean Howells. It is the pivot of *Democracy and the Novel*, and is the most arresting, original and, in my view, the most debatable section of the book. It is gratifying to see so accomplished a critic taking Howells seriously; Howells is still insufficiently honored, though an essay appears every 20 years or so lamenting the fact, and though one can encounter little pockets of enthusiasm for him here and there. But Professor Smith does not, perhaps, take Howells seriously enough. He rests his challenging case on a series of utterly brilliant analyses of 10 passages from Howells's novel of 1881, *A Modern Instance*. The writer that emerges from these dazzling exercises is one who believed that "moral experiences are immanent in all experience," so that a straightforwardly realistic (as against an idealized) portrait of men and women would reveal those principles as a matter of course; but who then, along about

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Chapter XXXII of the novel, took fright when he saw the kind of principles that were revealing themselves, and reverted in the final stretch of the narrative to the pious moralizing he had set out to undermine.

For anyone who has not been through *A Modern Instance* slap-bang just lately, I offer a brief summary. It deals mainly with Bartley Hubbard, an initially amiable but morally tone-deaf journalistic hack; his marriage to Marcia Gaylord, the willful daughter of an agnostic old lawyer in the village of Equity, Maine; and the breakup of their marriage, in Boston, after a number of quarrels, reconciliations and charges of ill-conduct. Bartley takes off for the midwest and disappears. Narrative attention now shifts to other characters, in particular to Ben Halleck, the twitchy son of a Boston tradesman, and an elegant lawyer named Atherton. In intervals between lurches of plot, these two agonize together as to whether it had been sinful of Ben to fall in love with Marcia Hubbard, a married woman; and after news of Bartley's death filters back to Boston, whether it had been so very sinful that Ben is now precluded from proposing marriage to the widow.

Professor Smith detects a creeping authorial religiosity in these last chapters, and seems to take it for granted that Atherton, in his ferocity of rectitude, speaks for Howells himself. (Atherton says things to Ben Halleck like: "You don't *look* like one of those scoundrels who lure women from their duty, ruin homes and destroy society. . . . Do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it a community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor, dishonor?") At issue here is not simply the interpretation of one portion of one novel, but Howells's entire relation to gentility—as a key representative case, a paradigm of the cultural history of the era. It is far from easy, I would agree, to reach an accurate judgment on Howells in this regard. He can be quoted, as he was in his lifetime, as resolutely in favor of virtue triumphant, in fiction, and as abiding cozily within the smiling aspects of life. But those statements look a little different in context; and anyhow, Howells was a much wilier and more self-conscious literary manipulator than he is usually given credit for being.

He may well have believed that moral principles were immanent in all experience; so, in another formulation, did Henry James. But Howells knew that the resolutions of moral dilemmas are almost always ambiguous and unsatisfying; life, for Howells, had a mean habit of letting you off the moral hook, especially by refusing to display real alternatives. The point about Ben Halleck is that he is no less of a moral cripple than Bartley Hubbard, whose initials he shares; he is, indeed, Bartley's artfully conceived and hopelessly neurotic double (and an example, incidentally, of the disturbed state of mind, or jitters, mentioned earlier). And the point about the moral maunderings of Halleck and Atherton is that *this* is what comprised so much of the foggy moral atmosphere through which Americans groped their way in the 1880s. Similarly, in the opening chapters of *A Modern Instance*, and intermittently thereafter, Howells provides a devastating picture of the liberalized, socialized, cheerleading religious element of the day. At this sort of thing, Howells was without peer. Howells grew dismayed to the edge of panic, according to Professor Smith, when he saw, by Chapter XXXII, that he had made Bartley and Marcia Hubbard seem doomed from the start "as if by a Calvinist inevitability." On the contrary, it seems to me, Howells has all along been describing what happens to two young people of disastrously inadequate upbringing in a morally fog-bound world. The last chapters of *A Modern Instance* conclude the presentation of that world; and far from reflecting a cop-out to sentimentalism, they constitute Howells's most telling subversion (I had almost written "deconstruction") of the piety they give voice to.

Arguing with Henry Nash Smith is a treat, and a privilege. I would like to prod him, for instance, on his occasional observation that this or that novel of Hawthorne or Melville or Mark Twain looks forward to modernist and even post-modernist fiction: the longest of the book's bridges. He is dead right, of course, but the phenomenon deserves larger meditation—the premature modernity, so to speak, of earlier American fiction. But let us, as my wife's mother used to say, take the biscuits while they're passing; *Democracy and the Novel* is a feast of them. Though Professor Smith suggests modestly that the work deploys what are essentially "hit-and-run tactics," it has its own kind of wholeness. It is a book that sorts things out and puts them together, and it does so with wisdom and humanity, and a range of vision rarely attained these days.

R.W.B. Lewis

R.W.B. Lewis, Neil Gray Professor of Rhetoric at Yale, is the author of *The American Adam* and most recently of *Edith Wharton: a Biography.*

Undesirable Alien
by Régis Debray
translated by Rosemary Sheed

(Viking; $9.95)

It's not entirely clear how an involvement in politics qualifies someone to write a novel, but names like Buckley, Agnew, Safire, and Ehrlichman keep turning up on lists of new fiction. Some years ago John Kenneth Galbraith saved the liberals from being shut out, but the amateur political novel seems much more popular on the other side of the house. It may be that contemporary conservatism is itself a kind of novel, a body of terms and attitudes already well along the way to romance; but there is also a romanticism of the left, of course, as Régis Debray's first novel makes a little too evident.

Undesirable Alien was published in France (as *L'indésirable*) in 1975, and it would require a heroic innocence not to read it as a thinly veiled account of Debray's political adventures, if not also of his personal experiences, in Cuba and Bolivia in the 1960s. Its hero is called Frank, a young French-speaking Swiss with a philosophical and political education similar to Debray's own, who has come to an oil-rich Caribbean country which we may safely call Venezuela,

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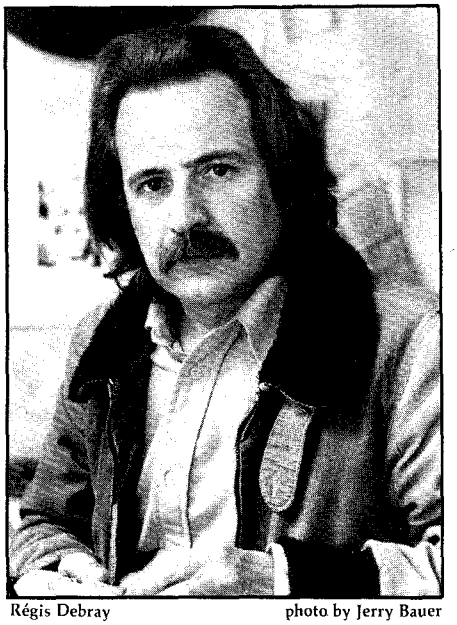
nominally as a journalist but in fact as a revolutionary. Here he participates in the struggle against the Yankee Imperialists and their local puppet government, and also in the struggle between the native Communist party and the new-style guerrillas who fight from their mountain refuges.



Régis Debray photo by Jerry Bauer

Thus considered, the story is little more than a fictionalized gloss on Debray's theoretical writings, with their stress upon how "Liberation Front" associations between traditional communists and guerrilla activists like Fidel and Che must eventually lead to a transcendence of the old categories and loyalties, as the Front in effect *becomes* the party. Such transcendence is not achieved in the novel, which ends with Frank's resolving to join the guerrillas and his subsequent death—as a kind of sacrificial victim of uncompleted dialectical movement—while involved in an assassination that's as much a form of personal vengeance as a political act. But Debray's theoretical outlook makes the action pretty predictable—we know that the party's urban uprising will be theatrical, manipulative, and essentially cynical in its expenditure of human life for merely tactical purposes; we expect that the dedicated party official who dismisses Frank's activism as a pursuit of "cheap thrills" will end up a pathetic failure; we're not surprised when the charismatic Communist leader betrays the guerrillas by making a shrewd political deal with the government, we sigh knowingly when the arms shipment which both the guerrillas and the party have been maneuvering for turns out to be a government trap in which both groups are decimated.

But such ideological mechanisms are not the whole story of *Undesirable Alien*, which means also to tell us about the private feelings that feed into Frank's revolutionary career, his sense of himself as a radical, a lover, an intellectual, a European far from home. He came to radical consciousness through a youthful attraction to the idea of a secret, conspiratorial wholeness to the world, dreams (fed by Catholicism and James Bond novels) of "the Centre," presumably somewhere in Moscow, which governs the seemingly random and erratic movements of modern history toward justice. Experience has shown him the absurdity of this fantasy, and of the doctrinaire comrades who insist on talking and acting as if it were the case. He can in fact be quite funny about his earlier yearnings for revolutionary togetherness:

> *He pictured the Bolshevik leaders gathered round an earthenware stove with a samovar boiling on top of it, working long hours shut up in unfurnished, ill-lit, stuffy, smoky rooms. He saw the little group of commissars with their caps pushed back, mufflers round their necks, talking quietly in a corner, plotting their schemes for the future. (The windows, misted up inside, are half blocked by snow outside; an honest working man sits a little apart from the rest on a wooden stool, a pipe in his reddened hands; in the foreground, Lenin himself stands looking at the first copy of* Iskra, *the printer's ink not yet dry. . . .)*

Yes, we've seen such pictures ourselves, and Socialist Realism is indeed a fantasy-ridden genre. But I'm not sure that this joke is any funnier than Frank's reaction, told without discernible irony, to hearing Radio Havana when his girl has left him miserable:

> *And the moment he heard the rumble of Fidel's voice, gruff but musical, the r's rolling richly, with its lordly sureness, all the weariness and sickness were forgotten. He straightened his back, and turned once again to face the future. Thank God for Fidel lecturing the world on shortwave radio—there was no loneliness he could not compensate for.*

Other people's clichés are always funnier than ours, but it's too bad that Frank's ear for the banality of Old Marxist rhetoric can't be cocked a bit more sharply to the obviousness of his own:

> *Will [people in the future] realize how hard it was to be happy, to get the most out of life, in a town where a US embassy official could arrive at police headquarters, like a traveling salesman with his bag of samples, to demonstrate the latest thing in electrodes—the finely serrated clamp model excellent, leaving no trace on finger, penis or tongue (unless the patient was so inconsiderate as to swallow his tongue, of course)?*

Part of Frank's trouble is that he has to cope with the complex fate of being a European. A part of him remains alien even to those who are closest to him politically, and he's puzzled by the "memoryless" people of the New World, their capacity for intellectually empty happiness, for living in the moment, for physical closeness and lack of privacy, their loudness and violence and carelessness about what belongs to whom. To me most of these qualities sound no more American or even Caribbean than Mediterranean, and I suspect that Frank suffers from the difficulty a "northern" (or Frankish?) temperament may have in adjusting to "Latin" ways, as well as from a familiar European need to condescend to America; but his own elaborate theory of the influence of geography upon genetics requires that the Atlantic be the dividing line.

The fact is that Frank's troubles with America are not more political or cultural or geographical than they are erotic. Until now he has taken women as he finds them, but in this strange new land he falls seriously in love with Celia, a fascinating *mestiza* who does important intelligence gathering for the party and who persistently treats Frank as a handy sex object with only a child's understanding of what revolution is all about. In the novel's climactic moment of betrayal, in a pointedly elegant, radical-chic sort of apartment, Frank learns both that the party boss has sold out the Front and that Celia's only emotional commitment is to the boss himself. Frank here has to recognize that *his* commitment has been to Celia, not to the Front, that what he can't grasp about America is that he can't fathom and possess her, that (as the French title makes clearer than the English) he is an *indésirable* in more than a political sense of the word.

If Debray could have stood a little farther back from his ideological position—which needn't be the same thing as rejecting it—*Undesirable Alien* could have been a fascinating study in the ambiguities of duty and desire, as Frank himself suggests toward the end of the book:

> *Love and war do make men, for no better way has yet been found to lay bare the unrecognized capacity of little boys to* endure. *They are the*

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two most likely, and inextricably associated, occasions for any human being to discover his own incompetence. Make love, make war; you can't make one without the other. But far from making *anything, you find that it is you who are being re-made. You expected to 'have' something, and at the beginning you had, but sooner or later, it is you that will be* had. *So alike are the two activities that in the end both must be conjugated in the passive: and basically, how much difference is there between being deserted by a human being you love and being shot at by one who doesn't love you? Only when you combine the two experiences can you understand either properly.*

But even at such moments of reaching for a meaning larger than a political one, one hears in this novel the voice of the theoretician, the writer working up materials from his philosophical diary, the man who, for all his local skepticisms and bitternesses, still wants the world to add up in the end.

Frank is a terribly *young* character, I'd say, and something could surely be made of this, some sympathetically critical assessment of him as being as yet incomplete in mind and feeling. But Debray, who's (incredibly) still only in his 30s himself, must continually betray his character's human possibilities by reasserting the ideological function of Frank's experience. At moments when one hopes for a sign of authorial irony, Frank makes a speech, if only to himself, that sounds like what Debray would say (or has said) on the same subject. Even the book's fondness for "anti-novel" sorts of trickiness—at one point Frank and the party boss argue about Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?*, for example—suggests that the needed detachment of book from author can be sought only by literary means, as if Debray knows that he and his fiction are doomed to differ only in technical ways.

Undesirable Alien is far from the worst amateur political novel for sale these days. Unlike his competitors on the right, Debray at least doesn't try to package up his sense of things as a slick, commercial commodity, a tale of espionage and intrigue whose political biases are disguised (or confused) by the conventions of popular entertainment. Much of Frank's story is intelligently and deeply felt, and for such virtues one can put up with a certain amount of lecturing. And yet, to my shame, I kept wishing that the book were a little slicker, that it could sound less like a parable of righteousness beset by a naughty world and more like what a Graham Greene, a Paul Theroux, or even a John Le Carré would have made of it. I can understand why Régis Debray wouldn't want to do that to his own political commitments, and to the extraordinary experiences that stand behind them, but this is also to say that fiction is not the happiest vehicle for intentions like his.

Thomas R. Edwards

Thomas R. Edwards teaches English at Rutgers, and is the author of *Imagination and Power* (Oxford).

The Flounder
by Günter Grass
translated by Ralph Manheim

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12)

Günter Grass's *Flounder* is a monstrous organism, monumental, complex and so unprecedented that it is difficult to think how best to comprehend the beast without doing damage to it. Since a large part of the narrative is not prose, but poetry, and an even larger part is not fiction, but history, it is probably a mistake to try to place it even in a category as generous as that of "novel." But it glories in invention, thrives on the imposition of fantasy on fact, and mingles fable so lavishly with workable recipes for boiled tripe and jellied calf's head that it is quite impossible to fit it in anywhere else. In scope it is epic: it skims through Grass's world of Danzig and Prussia from the Neolithic Age to the present. In tone it ranges from the comically outrageous to the seriously outraged; from mock-lyrical scatology to a grim description of a visit to sick, starved and poignantly still-frivolous Calcutta. It is a patchwork of repeated patterns joined together so easily that the final structure seems almost casual; almost, even, random.

Grass, in fact, several times evokes the name of Rabelais, and perhaps *The Flounder*'s closest literary parallels are works like *Gargantua and Pantagruel* and Byron's *Don Juan*, epics of the untidy and unforeseen, which, whatever their stated themes and moral purposes, celebrate above all else the writer's viewpoint as writer, and his joy in the multiplicity and superabundance of his own creative genius. Grass delights in the difficulties of his craft. He is prodigal with language, and its vitality survives, though a bit insecurely, in Ralph Manheim's valiant translation. His infatuation with tastes and smells and cookery, in short, with the whole bag of visual, verbal and sensual tricks, is really as much Grass's subject as the themes he affects to honor. He himself designed the jacket. And from cover to cover this is, simply, a book in love with its own impetuous artistry.

That profligate creativity echoes the book's central concern: the uncertain progress of the human species. Grass mock-seriously investigates the Grimm fairy tale about a magic fish who grants the poor fisherman every wish his wife sends him to ask for: to be rich, to be richer, to be king, to be pope. Finally she wants to be God, at which point the fish cancels all previous contracts and sends the couple back to their old hovel again. Grass gives several versions of the story: in one, not the poor wife, but the fisherman himself is the chief wisher, Man the Technologist who asks too much from nature. In another, the wife, far from wishing for useless things like power and money, wants only more interesting and imaginative lovers. But the end of the story is always the same: the hovel is waiting. And *The Flounder* constantly draws parallels between the progress of the fisherman and his Ilsebill, and the expanding demands of our civilization, growing until they become an insult to our environment. While the stone age, like the hovel, is waiting to reclaim us at last.

Grass, of course, takes the fable metaphorically. But he takes it literally as well. The Flounder appears as a central character of this book named after him. Though it seems that the Grimm account was a case of inadequate scholarship, the Flounder admits that he

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has interfered in human affairs. He has counseled the narrator through several thousand years of previous incarnations. It is now past 1970, and things look bad. The Flounder, who represents a sort of civilizing impulse which has both its good and its sinister aspects, feels he has been advising the wrong sex. Letting himself be caught again, this time by a woman, he allows himself to be tried on charges of criminal chauvinism by a Tribunal of women to whom the narrator makes love in his present incarnation, and who remind him of women he has loved in his past lives. The nine months of the trial have both ontogenic and phylogenic reference, and correspond to the nine months of his wife's pregnancy as well as to nine phases of human development during which he has previously lived. While the future is waiting to be born, the Tribunal fights over the fate of the enigmatic fish, who, throughout history has whispered into the rather dull male ear about fatherhood, property, marriage and household management. The Brothers Grimm have not been alone in misunderstanding him.

Some of the women of the Tribunal sympathize with the Flounder. Others form an extremist group bent on his destruction. Like Eichmann, he is tried in a glass cage built against terrorist attack. But the Flounder must also be protected against the smoke-filled air. The sea, we are told, is so contaminated that his further survival in it is uncertain. Meanwhile the narrator and his wife fight: about the dishwasher, about his infidelities, about vacations, about her pregnancy. The future is very much in doubt.

That future rests, literally, in embryo, in the women who themselves face doubtful times. Female status is one of Grass's major themes, as he shows the matriarchal primacy of pre-history gradually distorted by men under Christian laws of marriage and male politics. Grass's women remain very strong, both physically and morally, but he suggests that this strength is in jeopardy. Women have begun to imitate male weakness and copy male cruelty. Women are scorning to busy themselves with nurture, the one activity which gives any hope for human survival.

If this sounds rather sexist, I think Grass would happily admit that, of course, it is. Up to now he has had every right to be a man dependent on women, the cooks who have fed the species through the centuries. Weaned from total dependence on her, the man of the stone age is given roast elk by the protomother, Awa. Her daughters learn how to cook roots, use herbs, raise geese and get the most from a potato. While men explore the globe and write poetry, women discover how to add political revenge to the stuffing in a calf's head, and make beef-bone soup an instrument of mental health. Several of the men, including the narrator in some of his past lives, are historical figures, like Bishop Adalbert who brought Christianity to Prussia, and Count Rumford from Massachusetts, who created many ingenious gadgets, including the drip coffee-pot. But the women are all fictional, inventions to play against the facts which the men act out. They are the imagined muses and mistresses of men who indeed took part in the Renaissance and the Reformation, who created Romanticism and Socialism.

And there lies the book's one problem: as women to men, so fiction here is subservient to history. The spell that turned recent events to metaphor in *The Tin Drum* is missing from *The Flounder*. And though Dorothea, the High Gothic neurotic, and Billy, the gentle, bullied lesbian, are wonderful creations, they only underline the fact that this is not a book with a good story or three dimensional characters. Nor should it be.

For the world which Grass sees here is too apocalyptic to nourish any comfortable fiction. "Thunder-hurling hairsplitters," he scornfully calls men. But his women are also not reassuring: the most maternal, plumped up like pillows, are figments of infantile fantasy, while the women of today look like shadows of their own past; they have become petty and petulant. Still, at least the narrator himself now knows how to cook. His shoulder of mutton is instrumental in his wife's pregnancy. There may be hope that, between the two of them, the world will still go on.

But a better hope, perhaps, lies in the fact that in the narrator's equivocation between sexist and liberal, infant and artist, consumer and about-to-be consumed, there is abundant wit and deep irony. This is an extraordinary book; a dialectic of sexual supremacy which makes for dense reading. But the rewards are much too considerable to miss.

Edith Milton

Edith Milton is a novelist and short-story writer.

Leadership
by James MacGregor Burns

(Harper & Row; $15)

In our post-Nixon era living in the shadow of a supposed Imperial Presidency, we both fear the coming of a great leader, and yearn for him. Jimmy Carter won the 1976 election in part because he seemed to embody our ambiguous wishes: he promised political revitalization, and yet his folksy ways allayed our fears that he might turn into another Caesar. His first two years as president show how difficult it has been to reconcile our contradictory desires and to have a president who leads by mixed ways. Political scientists talk darkly of a "crisis of leadership."

James MacGregor Burns has been studying leadership for decades. His first volume on Franklin D. Roosevelt, *Roosevelt: the Lion and the Fox* (1956), for example, included a "Note on the Study of Political Leadership," which briefly foreshadowed the theme of his present magisterial work: that leadership must be understood as a reciprocal relation between leader and led, personality and culture. In his *Roosevelt* he wrestled with questions of power and morality. In *Leadership* he is still passionately engaged with these questions, still quoting Machiavelli, but now with evident disapproval. In place of the amoral Prince (the imperial president?), he seeks to offer some "generalizations about the leadership process across cultures and across time," which culminate in an intellectual validation of the need for and the possibility—nay, the promise—of truly moral, yet effective, leadership.

Burns believes that generalizations

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about leadership are now possible because of the intellectual breakthrough provided by humanistic psychology, which allows for transcultural assertions of universal validity. Specifically, Burns bases his generalizations on Abraham Maslow's theory of the hierarchy of needs, and Lawrence Kohlberg's theories of moral stages. These theories embolden Burns to conceive of leadership as the actualizing by the leader of the increasingly higher needs and moral goals of his followers, rather than as mere power wielding. Burns's leader does not merely act upon his followers; his leader and the led are reciprocally connected. Conflict among leaders, between leader and followers, and among followers is essential in order to generate meaningful social change. At different times, leaders become followers, and followers, leaders. "The essence of leadership in any polity," Burns summarizes for us at one point, "is the recognition of real need, the uncovering and exploiting of contradictions among values and between values and practice, the realizing of values, the reorganization of institutions where necessary, and the governance of change."

Moral leadership—the only kind of leadership Burns allows—takes two basic forms: transformational and transactional. Transformational leadership seeks to lift both leader and led to a higher need and moral stage. Burns's examples are Gandhi and Mao. Transactional leadership is based on exchange: for example, "jobs for votes, subsidies for campaign contributions." The relationship is ephemeral; leaders and followers are not bound together in "a mutual and continuing pursuit of a higher purpose." Most politicians in democratic systems are transactional leaders. Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to be in the middle of Burns's two types. A Hitler falls out of Burns's scheme completely; he is a mere tyrant, a power wielder.

In a long section, Burns expands his analysis of the types of transforming leadership—intellectual, reform and revolutionary—and discusses charismatic heroes and ideologues. There are brilliant vignettes of Woodrow Wilson, Lenin, Mao, Joan of Arc, and the Mahdi of the Sudan, among others. Another large segment of the book is devoted to detailing the nature and history of transactional leadership: here opinion leaders, bureaucrats, small group, party, legislative, and executive leaders are all subjected to Burns's analytic and historical power. Burns is especially good on the history of comparative political parties, and is equally at home with English, French, American and Russian materials.

In a concluding section on "Implications: Theory and Practice," Burns restates his generalizations and summarizes his position. Rational decision-making, he seems to be saying, is simply not possible: the multiplicity of forces, the range and the difficulty of establishing facts, the personality of the leader, etc. impose an unwieldy reality on the ideal. The leader cannot be a simulated computer: he must use his intuition, his *empathy*, "to comprehend and to respond to the cognitive and emotional structures of needs and the values that lie behind them." Mao leading his followers through two stages of need and moral change, is Burns's example here. (Burns does not discuss the most recent vicissitudes of the Cultural Revolution and China's move away from Mao's "intuitive" approach.)

For Burns, leadership and education "shade into each other to become almost inseparable." The measure of a great leader is that he intend lasting change and embody it in institutions. The measure of great leadership is that it really *uplift* people.

Moral fervor and earnestness pervade Burns's book, but Burns has a sure grasp on the tangled reality of political life and embeds his moral intensity in masterly and wise descriptions and analyses of real leaders and leadership situations. Still, Burns's effort to do justice to a wide range of psychological, sociological and political approaches to the study of leadership has led to an over-long book, which at times reads like an introductory textbook in its subjects. In fact, it will undoubtedly become a standard text in political science courses. Nevertheless, it is far more than a text; it is a fundamental statement on the nature and causes of leadership, and possibly the best general work now extant on that subject.

This said, we face certain problems. The first is Burns's psychological base, on which he places so much weight. He takes Maslow's and Kohlberg's work as a solid and sufficient ground for universal generalizations about leadership; their theories underlie his assertion that only moral leadership deserves to be called leadership. This is certainly an attractive proposition. Many psychologists, however, are dubious about Maslow's and Kohlberg's stage theories. Some, of the Piaget persuasion, are less willing to discount cultural differences as the child moves through the presumed stages of moral development. Others wonder whether it is an imposed morality, i.e., a kind of Western imperialism requiring moral, as well as material, progress for the lesser breeds. I can only record such doubts; I do not know enough to resolve them.

Another problem concerns Burns's treatment of Freudian psychology. Though ostensibly sympathetic, he appears to neglect most of the recent developments in that field. Like many others, Burns seems to think that psychoanalysis still insists on offering rigid, general statements, universal in nature, rather than forcing us to ask particular psychological questions. In fact, psychoanalysis is continually reshaping its theories. Ego psychology, narcissism theory, Erikson and Rapaport, Jacobson and Guntrip, Kohut and Kernberg are some of the developments and names to be conjured with. Contemporary psychoanalysis doesn't claim that all children undergo Oedipal or identity conflicts; it asks, is there evidence for this particular child, in this particular culture, having had such a conflict, and with what outcome? Burns quite rightly notes that early psychoanalysis overemphasized the early years; he believes, mistakenly, that it continues, even in the guise of psychohistory, to neglect the effect of political learning, successes and failures. He deals wisely, in a paragraph, with sex as a need; he is not interested in the notion that sex, or rather libido, is important in political studies primarily in terms of such concepts as displacement and transference.

Now Burns is under no obligation to be a Freudian: for most readers, quite the contrary. The Freudian issue is worth raising here because it points to a larger question: how adequate is Burns's picture of human nature? Graham Wallas, Walter Lippmann and others in the early 20th century insisted on the fundamental importance of this question for political science. Harold Lasswell from the 1930s on has led in probing this issue. In many ways Burns is a fulfillment of this tradition. He is dealing with the fundamental question

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of politics: human motives and needs. In following Maslow and Kohlberg, however, he appears to be staying mainly on the surface, only or over-concerned with cognitive processes and morality. The darker motives of the unconscious life are largely ignored. Does this have important consequences for his views of leadership?

A look at his treatment of Adolf Hitler poses the issue squarely. For Burns, Hitler is *not* a leader. (There is a nice irony in denying this title to the self-proclaimed Führer.) Hitler is merely a tyrant, a power wielder. Such an attitude appeals to our moral instincts. But does it serve the intentions of political science, our need for the deepest understanding even of that which we dislike? Burns says a leader must recognize his followers' "motives and goals . . . to appeal to those motives by words and action . . . to make conscious what lies unconscious among followers." Listen to Gregor Strasser, an early follower of Hitler: "Hitler responds to the vibration of the human heart with the delicacy of a seismograph, or perhaps of a wireless receiving set, enabling him, with a certainty with which no conscious gift could endow him, to act as a loudspeaker proclaiming the most secret desires, the least admissible instincts, the sufferings, and personal revolts of a whole nation. . . . His words go like an arrow to their target, he touches each private wound on the raw, liberating the mass unconscious, expressing its innermost aspirations, telling it what it most wants to hear." We may not like what Hitler liberated in the unconscious of his followers, but they certainly thought he was leading them out of a depressed, defeated state in a direction they wished to go. He did not merely coerce them; an extraordinary number of Germans followed him, willingly, until the end.

Hitler's was certainly not *moral* leadership, according to Burns's and my standards. But motives are mixed, people have different values and nations have varied goals. A leader can touch on these matters for good or evil; usually for a little of both (Erikson allows for both in his book on Gandhi). For purposes of understanding the phenomenon of *leadership*, it seems perverse to deny that title to a political figure because we dislike the direction in which he leads his followers. Once having understood that particular kind of leader-led relation, and there are other lenses than the Freudian for looking at the "darker" side, we may rightfully deny it the title of moral leadership. In short, the phenomenon of leadership has a life of its own, distinct, alas, from morality. To say this, of course, is to run directly against the thrust of Burns's book. The issue is joined.

It is a tribute to Burns's work that he forces this question upon us. I can imagine no more persuasive, more knowledgeable presentation of his thesis. His present book is the touchstone for all future discussions on the subject. It is a fitting capstone to the work he has been engaged on for the last quarter of a century, marked so magnificently by his earlier work on Franklin D. Roosevelt, and now elaborated into a powerful, overarching, general theory of leadership.

Bruce Mazlish

Bruce Mazlish is professor of history and head of the Humanities Department at MIT. He and his colleague, Edwin Diamond, have just finished a book on Jimmy Carter, to be published next year by Simon and Schuster.

Roots of the American Working Class: The Industrialization of Crafts in Newark, 1800-1860 by Susan E. Hirsch

(University of Pennsylvania Press; $14)

Amoskeag: Life and Work in an American Industrial City by Tamara Hareven

(Pantheon; $15)

"It is a good moment to be a social historian," Eric Hobsbawm once said; "social history is at present in fashion." Surely he is right. Two very different books in American social history bear on his conclusion. One is a paradigm of sorts, the kind of historical monograph that is increasingly issuing from university presses; the other, in the Studs Terkel model, comprises interviews with former workers and managers at Amoskeag, once the largest textile mill in the world. Neither book, mercifully, reflects the current scholarly obsession with coding, cross sectional dating, cohort analysis, occupational mobility. Susan Hirsch, in a study that is a model of its kind, certainly makes liberal use of census data and other statistics, but also draws upon traditional sources—such as memoirs and newspapers as well as secondary works—to support her observations about the values and lifestyle of Newark's antebellum craftsmen and the impact of industrialism upon them.

Industrialization was the most fundamental process in our history. It spawned a world which transformed itself with, as Hannah Arendt once wrote, "ever increasing rapidity from one shape into another." She might well have been commenting upon early 19th-century American society when it first sensed the loss of the old permanence and predictability. Ms. Hirsch finds these reflections appropriate to pre-Civil War Newark, and meticulously and thoughtfully reconstructs the world we have lost.

Newark, the paradigmatic small town in 1820, was that world. It was governed by a pre-factory economy—of small shops, a largely local market, household production, the putting-out system and apprenticeship, cultural homogeneity. Church, family and workshop were the institutions forging social unity. Class, social, business and marriage ties knit the family; and the artisanal world view prevailed: pride in manual labor, in the finished product, in the tight-knit Protestant community which prized the labor theory of value and honored skill, independence, craft status.

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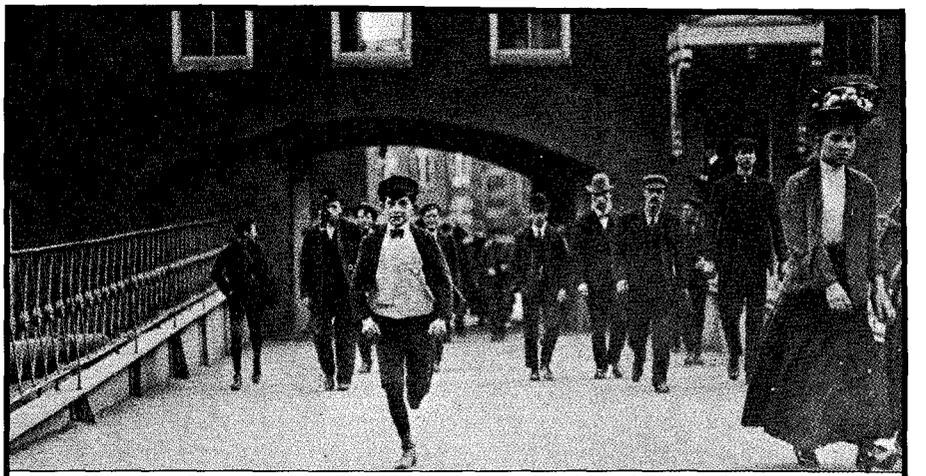
Then, with industrialization, the old order did indeed shift and change. Nor was it only a matter of technological change; industrialization would modify household functions, create a new class and new class antagonisms, and eventually new ethnic conflict as well. In effect, it generated a new social milieu, transformed work and its meaning, and put an end to the old order.

In what is a beautifully articulated account of apprenticeship, Ms. Hirsch shows how it began to wane, as the complex skills required for craft mastery became less necessary, as craft itself moved out of the home. Equally suggestive is her succinct description of the growing specialization—"task differentiation"—which threatened all, elevated a few, and lowered most to the status of permanent journeyman. This division of labor, combined with the rise of the wholesale market, meant an end to the exclusively retail trade, to the casual work rhythms and work day of a pre-factory people. It deprived the craftsman of control over the whole product, over wages, over his very tools, which he owned in a household economy. Not that this shift from a pre-factory scale of work and life occurred evenly or suddenly. Rather, as Ms. Hirsch wisely contends, craft changes proceeded at different rates, depending on the type of product and, even by the 1860s, factories were not mechanized in a recognizably modern way.

Slowly, laboriously, block upon block, Hirsch builds the history of Newark's industrial plant. It is a largely familiar story—of how the need for cheap labor drew young women into the labor market—single girls mostly, as in Lowell and Waltham, who then contributed to the family income; of how the famine Irish, driven out of the Emerald Isle in a vast diaspora, flooded into America's seaports creating a pool of cheap and unskilled workers, Marx's reserve army of labor; of how they destabilized the social order and speeded the end of the community's ethnic and religious homogeneity; of how they displaced the Yankee girls in their primitive factories; of how the Germans, with greater skills, entered the old crafts at all levels; of how immigration and industrialization inevitably catalyzed a mounting ethnic-religious antagonism which paralleled and often overshadowed mounting class hostility.

Industrialization, Hirsch notes, also had a traumatic impact upon the craftsman's family—and not only in the physical sense of moving production



"6 p.m., May 25, 1909. Coming out of Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., Manchester, N.H." photo by Lewis W. Hine

The Run of the Mill by Steven Dunwell

(Godine; $25, $30 after 12/31)

The Run of the Mill is an inspired title for an illustrated history of the New England textile industry, for the textile mills have nearly all run from New England to the cheaper labor of the South, and will no doubt soon make a sordid dash from the South to Patagonia or some equally remote and profitable place. In a larger social sense the industry's flight from New England may have been immoral, in view of the permanent unemployment it left behind; but under the capitalist dispensation, which sacrifices society to economy as a matter of course, it became more or less inevitable with the proliferation of steam power. Steam freed the industry from its long dependence on the power generated by the rivers and streams of New England. It meant goodbye Lowell, hello Greenbrier, N.C. The statistics tell the story: in 1880 four-fifths of the textile industry was located in the North; today four-fifths of it is in the South.

Steve Dunwell's pages on the technology of textile production will hold no charm for any reader not smitten by the romance of the machine, but he is very good at describing the working lives of the men, women and, until early in this century, the children who tended the machines and who made the sheets on which nearly every American from 1840-1920 was conceived and born and died. Their descendants at the few remaining mills stippled across New England are ill-paid; they do dangerously unhealthy work; and they live in squalid towns that must daunt their hopes for a better life at an appallingly early age. Yet it would be a rash socialist indeed who would pin the mystical label "proletariat" on men like John Valleriana, a weaver at the Providence Pile Fabric Company in Fall River, Mass. Mr. Valleriana is a proud man: he makes things that last. "I feel proud," he says, "that people here or in Providence or in California . . . are using what I produced. . . . It's quality that might last maybe fifteen years. That's what people want. Something good." And Mr. Valleriana's pride in his work is shared by many of the mill workers Dunwell quotes in the second half of his book.

Dunwell laudably desists from theorizing about these working people; he has simply photographed them and let them speak for themselves. What they say complicates one's easy sentimentalities about the "working class." These people are so much bigger than either our categories or their circumstances! I approached this book ready to pity the mill workers and some pity still remains but it's laced with respect and admiration and also with anger at the callousness with which men like John Valleriana have been abandoned by corporations—in the name, God help us, of economic rationality—to which they have given 30 or 40 years of their lives. "In came calculation," Burke prophesied at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, "out went feeling."

J.B.

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outside the home. In so doing, it also isolated women and failed to open comparable work opportunities for them. It transformed the father's role as well, from that of leader in household production into a breadwinner and authority in the consumption unit. This patriarchal and increasingly nuclear family of the artisan remained Protestant and Yankee, and thus emulated the Victorian bourgeosie's childrearing practice and ideology: offspring did not work in the factory, and retained the old values of industry, thrift, sobriety, a stubbornly held sense of expectancy. Industrialization, moreover, privatized the family. It produced divisions between "life" and work—with "life" being the isolated family unit and work the factory where diverse ethnic groups mingled and even cooperated in job actions.

Tamara Hareven's workers are already caught up in the factory system, but their experiences at Amoskeag in the early 20th century partly overlap those of industrializing Newark nearly a century before. The same painful transition of Yankee farm girls from rural homestead to the textile mill and the nearby boarding houses; the same parallel transfer of rural morality—be it that of farm girl or French Canadian peasant—with its compulsory church attendance and prohibition of alcohol; the same ethnic displacement as unskilled Irish labor, as well as a smaller number of skilled German (and Scottish) textile workers, replaced the Yankee girls; the desperately poor French Canadian peasantry which pushed the Irish up and/or out of the industry. Moreover, the usual hiring practices prevailed, with Irish workers in the dye rooms, the French families in spinning, the English and native-born as overseers. So did the ethnic hostility and ethnic exclusiveness—as expressed in marriage practices (you had to marry "your own kind"), social clubs, Irish *and* French Canadian Catholic churches, the French-speaking schools and societies.

Ultimately, however, it is the differences beteen Amoskeag and Newark that are most striking. Not only was early 20th-century Manchester, New Hampshire ethnically more diverse than any antebellum community could be, it was also a company town. Not a typical one, to be sure. Management owned tenements housing only 15 percent of the work force. But its control of police and political life, its endowment of churches and social clubs, its paternalism, which so discouraged union organizing; and its master plan for pre-Civil War Manchester made it a company town in ways that Newark never was. Then, too, French Canadian operatives were not like the Irish newcomers. An ideal labor force, they were docile, industrious, parochial in habits and outlook. They put the entire family into the mills, much like practices in early 19th-century Rhode Island mills and unlike their coreligionists. Women were not excluded. Indeed they made up more than half the operatives, and there are many testimonials from them to the on-the-job interdependence and sociability of mill labor.

Amoskeag is not limited to the operatives. The "second hand" or shift foreman, the overseer, the company agent, the Boston-based owners—all are recognizable human beings. They recall their own, often humble, beginnings, and give us the management viewpoint; they also limn a paternalism in which the top administrators sponsor sewing classes, underwrite gardens for workers, know their employees by the first name.

Amoskeag's operatives depart from the conventional wisdom about textile workers. Rather than feeling alienated from their work, as Blauner and others characterize textile labor, many had a deep attachment to this work, a sense of pride in it that was thought reserved only for pre-factory craftsmen. One Scottish woman, a gingham weaver, recalled how she spent her "happiest times in the mills"; a French Canadian couple found it "a joy to go to work"; and others remembered their time in the mill as a golden age or at least not a period of great unhappiness—or happiness. Of course some felt enslaved by the machines, but a surprising number found their work varied enough to be interesting, or they enjoyed the socializing which mill jobs, not the isolated household, could provide. Textile work may have epitomized the worst evils of early capitalism, but it apparently did not prompt a sense of powerlessness; and, however routinized, it was not considered monotonous or degrading to many Amoskeag workers, possibly owing to the national origins of the labor force, which gave it different aspirations and perspectives from native-born, Protestant, male operatives.

For the rest, these Amoskeag interviews reconstruct the worker's life and social existence. They tell us about work in the weaving and spinning rooms, about management speed-ups—the "stretchouts"—and about the hated efficiency, time-and-motion experts; about life on the outside—the movies, plays, social clubs, and boarding houses with their hot meals and cold rooms; the antagonisms of Irish and French, or Irish and Greeks; the big French Canadian families which never escaped their own ignorance in sexual and social matters or their own poverty; the humble Irish messenger boy who rose in life, Horatio Alger fashion; the French Canadian girl with an extraordinary desire for education, in defiance of her sex role stereotype and her culture. Truly "history from the bottom up," *Amoskeag* recalls Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*—though its voices are still on this side of the grave. It belongs to the literature of testimony, offering up insights on work experiences, family practices, patterns of sociability, the pleasures and miseries of life and labor in Manchester.

Taken together, both books give us history that is not reflective of "clerks in the Swiss Custom House." Rather they begin to answer Henri Lefebvre's plea for the study of *mentalités;* they remind us that history can be walked through, seen, tasted, eavesdropped upon as well as studied by scholars, that historians should also visit the tenement backyards, the crowded cafés, the market place, the work site itself; they tell us about the values and aspirations of the sunken two thirds of the great human iceberg. Tamara Hareven, one of the most intelligent and prolific among contemporary historians of the family, has disclosed something of the life and work patterns of men and women in a great mill. In the course of it, she has also warned us about the insufficiency of simple formulas, the complexity of men and societies, and we are in her debt for it.

Milton Cantor

Milton Cantor is professor of history at the University of Massachusetts. His most recent book is *The Divided Left* (Hill and Wang).

Christmas Schedule

This is a combined issue. *The New Republic* will not publish next week. Best Holiday wishes to our readers from *TNR*'s staff.

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Hitch: The Life and Times of Alfred Hitchcock by John Russell Taylor

(Pantheon; $10)

Alfred Hitchcock is a master sadist; he enjoys his work with a little more relish than necessary. His films are exercises in anxiety and panic. Part of the pleasure of watching his carefully composed work is the awareness of being manipulated, but being manipulated nevertheless and willingly buckling under to the terror of the moment. But why the obsessive need for power over us?

In this first authorized biography of Alfred Hitchcock, John Russell Taylor, the former film critic of the *London Times* and close friend of the great film director, offers an explanation: "For Hitchcock it seems to be the way that a frightened man, constantly prey to inexplicable guilts and anxieties, can overcome them by manipulating other people, a tool to control people mentally and have them, for the time being, exactly where he suspects they want him."

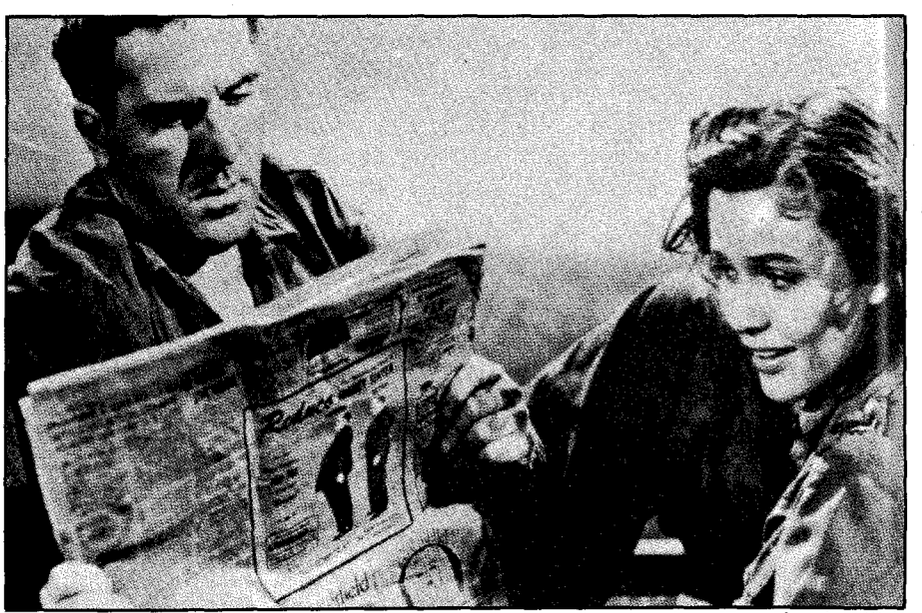
The hypothesis is perhaps a mite simplistic; but given the wealth of personal information Taylor amasses—much of it fascinatingly contradictory—it is a reasonable one. It is also a fine launching pad for discussion. *Hitch* is a treasure trove of personal anecdotes and film history. It is careful, balanced and erudite down to the last nugget of idle dinner chat. Hitchcock emerges as a true original, an eccentric whose professional life alternates between repression and macabre indulgence, while his personal life swings between British reserve and Bohemian mischievousness. Although Taylor sees three Hitchcocks (dedicated filmmaker, public caricature, simple family man), the image you take away from his biography is one of amused intransigence and utter self-satisfaction—Hitchcock as a satiated old Buddha.

The Hitchcock film is a variation on the bizarre: voyeurism, sado-masochism, kidnapping, necrophilia, repressed homosexuality, kleptomania, frigidity, transvestism, marital rape, paranoia, not to mention murder in its many deviations and kinks—these are Hitchcock's subjects. Always there is an eye for the perverse: it's no accident that the villains of his films are mostly attractive and charming while the victims are often unlikable and moody. The Hitchcock woman is the cool, castrating blonde "redeemed" by trauma into something sniveling but warm and nurturing.

In a recent piece on violence in American movies (defending its current overuse by young directors like DePalma and Scorsese) Pauline Kael stated that Hitchcock's *Psycho* was a "borderline case of immorality" because the director's "cheerful complicity" with the killer of the woman had a "sadistic glee" she found offensive. Apparently others feel the same way. Taylor, who defends, somewhat unconvincingly, charges of misogyny in Hitchcock's films, tells the story of a man who wrote to the director complaining that his daughter would not take a bath after seeing *Les Diaboliques* and refused to take a shower after seeing *Psycho*. Hitchcock's advice? "Have her dry-cleaned."

Yet the ruthlessness of his films doesn't jibe with the private Hitchcock, that curious mixture of sentimentality and willfulness. What are we to make of this man? He has been married to the same woman—the former Alma Reville, a film editor he met during the making of a long-forgotten silent picture—for over 50 years and is deeply concerned about her professional reactions to his work. He returns every year with Alma to the site of their honeymoon in St. Moritz. (He also claims to have been celibate for the last 40 years.) He is a practical joker of the laxative-in-the-drink variety. He has a horror of undressing in front of anyone. He mistrusts children. He hates eggs. (In *To Catch a Thief* he includes a shot of Jessie Royce Landis, who plays Grace Kelly's mother, briskly stubbing out a cigarette in her sunny-side-up.) He tells cynical jokes about his Catholicism but is a regular churchgoer. He is terrified of the police.

If his social demeanor is quietly dictatorial or overdignified, this is the same man who turns up in his films as a drowned corpse, a child in knickerbockers, a fat man in a weight-reducing advertisement, as Queen Victoria—in drag, and crouched next to a St. Bernard with a brandy keg strapped around his neck. True to form, Taylor sees the public Hitchcock's cool and awesome confidence as a defense mechanism against a private life of neurotic anxiety and constant crises.



Lifeboat—spot the personal appearance photo from *Hitch*

A favorite anecdote told by Hitchcock to explain his preoccupation with neurotic disturbances is one about a traumatic episode in childhood. When he was five or six, he committed a minor transgression for which his father, as punishment, sent him to the local police station with a note. The officer in charge read the note and locked the boy up for five minutes with the admonishment, "This is what we do to naughty boys." The story—Taylor says it's told so often Hitchcock is not sure himself if it's true—is a bravura stroke of the convenient; it fits in perfectly with the recurring psychology of his film work: an irrational fear of confinement, the terror of the police and unjustified punishment.

Taylor does a first-rate job of chronicling Hitchcock's early career in silent pictures, sorting out the themes and techniques the director would later develop and perfect. The critical

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judgments are sound throughout, although not really up to the incisive thoroughness of Robin Wood's *Hitchcock's Films*. Certainly Taylor overpraises Hitchcock's British period while downplaying the master's most uncompromisingly perverse period from *Vertigo* (1958) to *Marnie* (1964), in which the director expanded daringly on his darkest themes and risked lapses of good taste and impossible twists for a chance at the truly divine.

Taylor's concluding chapter is an in-depth study of Hitchcock at work on his latest film, *Family Plot*. The movie was a half-baked concoction that never came up to the promise of the promos. (Hitchcock satirically introduced the film in the midst of a graveyard with a chilling, "Good Evening.") Still, it's a treat contemplating the master at work: ringing variations on the original novel, diligently questioning the screenwriter on the wording of the dialogue, drawing the movie on his famous storyboards, guiding the actors ever so forcefully, cautiously editing and refining the rough cut, and, finally politely answering questions at the press conference designed to kick off the film.

The last question of the conference: given the context of *Family Plot*, what would you like to see on your own tombstone? Hitchcock considered for a moment. "Well, I suppose something like, 'You see what can happen to you if you aren't a good boy.'"

Christopher Schemering

Christopher Schemering has written for *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Baltimore Sun*, and other publications.

Brief Review

Current Fiction

The Hydra Head by Carlos Fuentes

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95)

Turning away from the ponderous high seriousness of *Terra Nostra*, a monster of a novel published in 1975 (English translation 1976), in which he tried to reinvent the tangled histories of imperial Rome, medieval Spain and Aztec America, Carlos Fuentes, Mexico's most versatile novelist, has looked the spy novel in the eye and produced a controversial world-class thriller. *The Hydra Head* reads as though it has been freshly minted out of the turmoil and subterranean intrigue of current world affairs.

Turning from *The New Republic* editorial of August 19 on Mexican oil reserves to Fuentes's cunning invention, the reader scarcely need suspend a single breath of willing disbelief. The CIA, the Israeli spy service, undercover Arab operatives and the ingenious but untested Mexican secret agents, sometimes in the person of the same (double or triple) operatives, clash violently in these intriguingly plotted pages. *Hydra Head* reminds us that governments, like people, possess startling and often sleazy secret histories that squirm and wriggle if you turn over the stones that protect them from the light of day.

For more than half the novel, we view the murderous quest for a ring containing holographs of Mexico's fabulous new liquid treasure through the eyes of Felix Maldonado, a high-level bureaucrat with a Jewish wife, who, before he was transferred to the Bureau of Cost Analysis, worked for Pemex, Mexico's national oil company. Maldonado is, in actuality, a Mexican secret agent. His control, the suave and learned president of a huge petrochemical company (once a fellow student at Columbia's graduate department of economics), calls him "the James Bond of underdevelopment." Maldonado's unrequited passion of a dozen years for Sara Klein, a concentration camp survivor turned Mexican turned Israeli turned PLO sympathizer—and the nexus of a number of hatreds, loyalties, loves and intrigues—leads him into a series of dangerous encounters with the arch enemies, foreign and native, of Mexican independence.

Fuentes skillfully conducts the reader through these wonderfully intricate narrative maneuvers, flying us from an intensely rendered Mexico City to Houston (which one agent, comparing it to "New York, the Jewish capital," describes as "the Arab capital of the United States"), to Galveston, Coatzacoalcos, and back again to Mexico City in the company of the confused but credible Maldonado and a cast of menacing but attractive villains. Fuentes, however, is more than just the Ian Fleming of underdevelopment. In addition to creating the familiar atmosphere of compelling duplicity that characterizes the best of this variety of writing, he works another series of changes on the fictive motifs that have marked his literary career from the beginning: the ambiguous burden of social class among the Latin American bourgeoisie; the terrors of multiple personality and the masks of consciousness; and the struggle between conquerors and conquered in the dark night of the Mexican soul.

The Hydra Head is thus a tour de force, but unlike, say, Borges's detective fictions, beneath its impeccable surface lurks serious social content that adds incomparably to its intensity as narrative. Like Graham Greene in his "entertainments" and Gore Vidal in his science fiction, Fuentes has sounded his major obsessions in a minor key. The fence between fancy and imagination comes down while the charge that electrifies still remains in the air.

Alan Cheuse

Alan Cheuse has written about contemporary fiction for the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, *Texas Studies in Language and Literature*, *The Antioch Review* and other publications.

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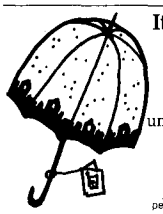

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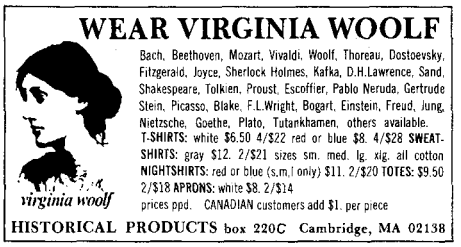
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Jerusalem Diarist

Woman of Valor

Ever since Golda died on Friday, the rains had not stopped. The tears of the Almighty, even the free thinkers and the cynical were conceding. It rained until her stark casket was laid into the ground and covered with the earth of Jerusalem, when the sun broke through the mists and bade farewell to "a woman of valor," the biblical description of an earlier heroine. "The lead for a corny journalist," a friend observed. The symbolism was too perfect, but that's actually as it happened. Golda was mourned in every possible mode of grief, from the wailing of the levant to the stoic or controlled customs of the West. But her funeral was as simple and direct as her life had been. Her life was not, by the way, austere, which is the word used by those who have somehow fashioned her into a Puritan. She was funny, of course, and also warm, the more open and expressive as she drank one large glass of hot tea after another with a lump of sugar between her teeth. One among many stalwarts and lieutenants of her people's liberation struggle and of its redemption by toil, she became in our time the preeminent creative figure, yes, the embodiment of the Jewish national renascence.

Golda had an allergy to cant, which is why she explicitly prohibited eulogies (to say nothing of monuments and institutional remembrances) after her death. She well knew what dishonest praise her adversaries would heap on her, so even Menachem Begin had to forgo the temptation of a long speech this time. Ample hypocrisy was provided, however, by visiting Americans. President Carter had sent on, along with Miss Lillian's banalities, his own message suggesting that Golda would be best memorialized were Israel quickly to fall into line behind his notions of a peace settlement. The truth is that she had great anxieties about his ultimate designs in the Middle East, and they were not diminished when he began to stretch the Camp David agreements to mean what they did not say.

How Senator Abraham Ribicoff had the audacity to come to Golda's funeral no one could explain. And many asked. It's not simply that he'd been the administration's point man for the myth of Saudi moderation and its chosen instrument in the sale of jet fighters to the guardians of militant Islam. She had for years distrusted this Jewish ethnic hack with upstart pretension to statesmanship. Rarely have frustrated aspirations been so richly deserved. I remember Golda's deep belly laugh after Gene McCarthy explained to her that "Abe never betrays any cause, because he's never really been committed to one." Upon learning of Golda's death, Ribicoff called her "a great friend." She wasn't. When I last saw her, in July, she mused about Ribicoff for a few minutes, telling me, as she had told others, of the special contempt in which she held him. At the funeral on Tuesday I told him of this special contempt. For the moment, as I saw his haughty face among the authentic mourners, it was my way of grief. Or, as one of his colleagues on the official American delegation put it to me, "Good for you, you tactless bastard."

Golda was a socialist. While Israel's minister in Moscow, she ran the embassy more or less as a collective. Her firmest roots were in the kibbutz movement and in the Histadrut trade union combine. She lived according to her modest needs and in the very modest circumstances allowed by the Israeli government's narrow pay scale. Golda also never really felt at home among the very rich who curried, not—God forbid—her favors, which weren't ever available, but her presence. Harold Wilson came to mourn her in Jerusalem last week, a person she genuinely liked and respected. Once, when she was in England, a reporter asked her whether she preferred Labour or the Tories in power. And she answered, "In opposition, I prefer Labour." She couldn't quite grasp how her comrades in the Second International so cravenly capitulated to the blackmail of Arab oil.

The Hebrew word simha means joy. Simha Dinitz was the emissary Golda sent to Washington over the objections of then foreign minister Abba Eban, a tin-plate Churchill and the most notable chameleon in Israel's public life. Except for a few surviving "founders," no one in politics was closer to her than Simha. And in more than politics. He may have more wit than anyone else in Washington, which made him a joy in "down" times and in what has been for years a "down" town. His diplomatic skills are near legend, grudgingly admired by the not overgenerous men he dealt with in Foggy Bottom, at the Pentagon and within the White House. Simha is logical, articulate, passionate and patient. While other spokesmen for Israel played to the balconies, he played for keeps under three Israeli premiers and three American presidents. My wife and I had known him and his wife Vivian for some time before he came as ambassador. More than five years ago, a welcoming party we planned had to be canceled because of the Yom Kippur War. We'd scheduled a good-bye dinner last week on their departure back home after an unusually long term of service. But Golda died. At the end, as at the beginning, there was little *simha*. We were together on Tuesday, but at Golda's grave instead of at *Il Giardino* restaurant on 21st Street NW.

It was fashionable in some circles to denigrate the simplicity of her speech. Golda probably was most comfortable in Yiddish. And she did not, after all, mouth those corrosive polysyllables of international relations theory which do so much to obscure reality. She understood that small nations are an endangered species, and that the small Jewish nation has more than its share of ill-wishers. I think that Henry Kissinger always appreciated the unique perils of Israel amidst Arab states where treachery and the politics of murder and madness are routine. This is why he never uttered casual oversimplifications like those of the Carter crowd that approach falsehood. But by Kissinger's testimony, Golda was his teacher. It is a tribute to them both.

I once asked Golda whether she believed in God. "I believe in a people which believes in God," she parried. That people was her cause and her purpose. But people were not an abstraction to her. She followed cases of individual distress with concern. She seemed to feel the terrors of every *refusenik* in the Soviet Union. She plied folks who came to visit her with tea and cakes, without help even if her two-half-days-a-week housekeeper was in the next room. When I visited with my son, Jesse, she would fix him a grilled cheese sandwich and ice cream. She knew he wouldn't like nut cake. Is this trivia? No, it is character. She believed in argument, the abandoned prerequisite of a democratic politician. Golda never aspired to the prime ministry. Her party drafted her out of retirement at age 70 to shoulder the burdens of Jewry. She had risen, with a driving force though without personal ambition, in the contentious parliament of Jewish life. A leader has fallen in Israel. Who will come forth and take her place?

M.P.

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Christmas Diarist

The Year of Our Lord

It is a fitting time to review the year's religious news, and there has been a lot of it: the possibility of peace in the holy land, the deaths of two popes and the election of a Polish one, the birth of the world's first test tube baby, the horror at Jonestown, the TV program "Holocaust." If you do not think all such stories belong on the religion page, well, sorry—this week, I am the church editor.

The biggest religion story of the year was reported on the front page of *The New York Times* on March 12 under the headline "Clues to Universe Origin Expected." Science writer Malcolm W. Browne reported that astronomers using radio telescopes think they are on the verge of determining whether the universe contains more or less than one atom per 88 gallons of space. If there is less, it might mean that the combined gravity of all matter will be insufficient to hold the universe together, and it will continue expanding forever. If there is more, the expansion should slow, and then reverse itself, with all matter rushing back together for an explosion or collapsing into a huge black hole. This is religious news because the cosmologists are at odds over the meaning of it all. The first group thinks that if the universe began with a one-time-only big bang, and if stars and galaxies will continue moving outward for infinity, this implies Purpose and the existence of God. The outward-and-back school says that if the universe experiences bangs, expansions, collapses and new bangs forever, it implies purposelessness and no God. A third view is that of a famed British cosmologist, Sir Fred Hoyle, who said that, no matter what the world's origin and destiny, "we shall see that it all fits quite clearly into a set of physical laws." So, he said, "I have no time for such views as that there is something outside of that," meaning God.

This rates as the most important religion story of the year because, in reporting what the most advanced science doesn't know, it liberates all of us, including scientists and college freshmen, to respect our own conscientious opinions about the existence of God. The truth is that all the great mysteries remain intact. Regardless whether the One Bang theory or the oscillating universe theory proves to be correct—or some other that no one has thought of yet—we have no answers whatever about whether God existed *before* the first bang and was the universe's uncaused cause and unmoved mover. And even if Sir Fred proves to be right, and physical theory ultimately can explain how the universe works, it will not eliminate—any more than the work of Copernicus, Darwin or Freud did—the possibility that man has merely learned how God has chosen to manage His universe.

Other astronomy coverage also has made for good religious news. Scientists now believe—though I am at a loss to understand why they were ever disbelieved—that there is a good chance life exists elsewhere in the universe. They base their judgment on discoveries that many nearby stars in the Milky Way appear, like our sun, to have planets, some of which may be habitable. I always thought that if there were 100 billion stars in the Milky Way and 100 billion galaxies in the universe, there was bound to be life someplace else. Proof of extraterrestrial life would not confirm the existence of God; some would even argue it would only demonstrate the universality of organic chemistry. If and when we do find life, however, I think we should all become very worshipful.

Two other good religion stories this year were the Jonestown massacre and Stephen Chapman's exposé of church aid to guerrillas in Rhodesia ("Killing for Christ," *TNR*, October 21). Both served to refocus our attention on Jesus and his message. You can make a case—as Michael Kernan of *The Washington Post* did in a letter to this journal—that Jesus was a power-tripping maniac just like Jim Jones, believing himself to be the son of God and all, and that by setting himself up to get crucified by the Romans, he, too, was a suicide. And what were the early Christians, after all, but cultists? They cut themselves off from their parents and the legitimate religion of their time. They observed kinky rituals such as symbolically eating the flesh of their dead leader and drinking his blood. In Rome they were so mesmerized they'd throw themselves to lions rather than come to reason. And if modern Christians helped kill whites in Africa, they wouldn't be the first of the faith to take human life in the name of the Lord, as the crusades, the inquisition and the conquest of America will attest.

But I think that reflection will absolve Jesus of the worst that is alleged about him. The last thing he authorized anyone to do in his name was to kill. That is scarcely in keeping with the message of love and charity that he preached, and those who have committed murder (or suicide) in his name have to be counted as heretics. It defies understanding how far heresy can go. *TNR*'s story quoted one church leader as saying that by accepting crucifixion, Jesus had "sanctified violence" in the world. A state senator in New York justified his vote for capital punishment by asking, "Where would Christianity be if Jesus had got eight to 15 years, with time off for good behavior?"

Jesus was a rabble-rouser, though, and one can easily understand why he was crucified and why he probably would be done in again if he returned. He was scary to the establishment and all who sought comfort and success by following its rules. He took the dregs of society as followers and said *they* would be on top in the new order. The tale of the prodigal son says not just that the Father will welcome back the errant child no matter what he has done, but that his brother profits nothing from staying home, working hard and being good. Jesus was a cultist, all right, and a dangerous one for good order in society. He was a radical revolutionary and he got executed for it, but his message was one of universal love and the equal ability of all men to live in peace with God. So his cult survived to become one of the world's great religions. One needn't fear that the Peoples Temple will do the same.

Jonestown was also a good religion story, as were the Holocaust series on television and the continuing saga of world indifference toward the Vietnamese boat people, because they helped focus our attention on man's capacity for tolerating evil. To be horrified by evil is to affirm one's capacity for moral judgment and to refute the relativistic argument that good and evil do not exist. The *Economist* of London observed that the Jonestown cult, like others in our secular world, was seeking God, but that in the search, "it is all too easy to blunder into the arms of Satan instead." To be horrified by Jonestown, the *Economist* said, is to ask "Is Satan not dead after all?" And, "if Satan, in some sense, is not dead, that implies that God is not either." Yes, it has been a good year for religion stories. We humans have shown ourselves again to be somewhere between animals and angels. I think it has been a good year, too, for religion.

M.M.K.

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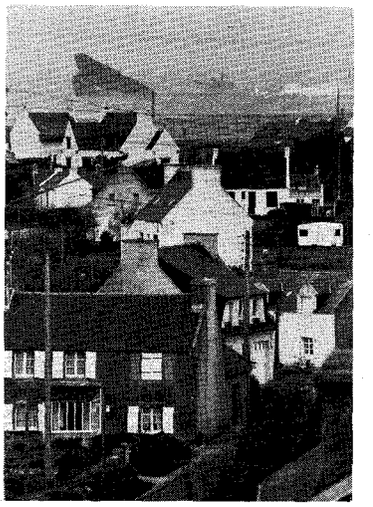

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